

CROWN

NO.
11

COMICS

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MCCOMBS PUBLICATIONS, INC.
1775 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Dear Readers:

We would like to know which of the features in CROWN COMICS you like best. Send us your opinion in a short letter, with any suggestion to make CROWN COMICS more interesting. Do not be afraid to criticize. Criticism can be more helpful than praise.

We will send five dollars each to the writers of the fifty letters we consider most helpful to us. Two hundred fifty dollars (\$250.00) in all.

Mail your letters before September 10th, as we would like to publish the names of the fifty winners in our next issue. Address all letters to
CROWN COMICS
1775 Broadway
New York 19, N. Y.

Yours sincerely,
J. E. McCombs,
Editor.

New York State
New York County

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc. required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Crown Comics published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for June 22, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. McCombs, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Crown Comics and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 2, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. 1—That the name and address of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher and editor, Lucile E. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, William A. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 2—That the owner is, McCombs Publications, Inc., 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Lucile E. McCombs, William A. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 4—That the two paragraphs next and as

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WILLIAM A. MCCOMBS

Name
Business Manager

Title

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18 day of April, 1947.
IDA BOKAT

Notary Public in the State of New York, Residing in Bronx County, Bronx Co. Clk's No. 162, Reg. No. 325-B-9. Certificates Filed in N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 455, Reg. No. 958-B-9
Commission Expires March 30, 1949



I KNEW I WAS BEING TAILED WHEREVER I WENT. I FELT EYES ON ME ALL THE TIME. IT WAS QUEER, BECAUSE I WASN'T WORKING ON A CASE AT THE TIME . .



IT SOON GOT TOO ANNOYING, SO I HAD TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT . . .



SHE DID -- AND I GRABBED HER ARM --

WE'RE NOT HOLDING HANDS, BABY. YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHY YOU'RE RIDING ON MY COAT TAILS?!!

LOOK OUT!! -- YOU CLUMSY OAF ... YOU MADE ME BREAK MY FINGERNAIL!





IT'LL GROW BACK-
ANSWER MY QUESTION!

ALL RIGHT--
LET GO OF
ME --

--SHE PULLED A POCKET EDITION
OF AN AUTOMATIC FROM NOWHERE--

I'LL TELL YOU ALL
RIGHT-- AND YOU'LL
ANSWER A FEW
FOR ME --

I'M
AGREEABLE--



I WANT THE
SILVERKEY DIAMOND!
YOU WERE THE LAST
PERSON WITH CLIP
FORRAT WHEN THE
POLICE PICKED HIM
UP. HE MUST HAVE
GIVEN IT TO YOU!

I WAS
WITH CLIP
ALL RIGHT--
BUT I DIDN'T
GET ANY
DIAMOND
FROM HIM!



YOU'RE A
COCKEYED
LIAR!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW CLIP
HAD THE SILVERKEY DIAMOND.
NEITHER DID THE POLICE. HE
GOT SENT UP ON SOME
OTHER LARCENY CHARGE!



HAVING ANY TROUBLE
RONA?

NO TROUBLE,
SKIDS -- I
CAN HANDLE
HIM. LET HIM
HAVE IT, VAMP!

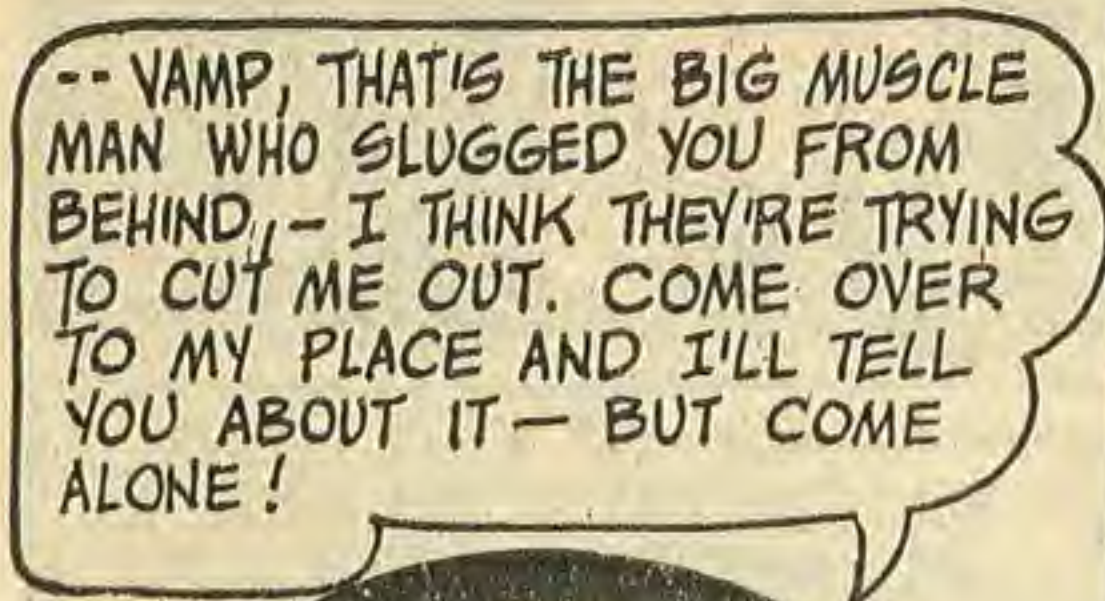
-- I WAS
ABOUT TO MAKE A PLAY FOR THE GUN WHEN--

L
A
T
E
R



CRIPES -- MY HEAD-- THINGS ARE HAPPENING
A LITTLE TOO FAST TO SUIT ME! I'D BETTER GET
BACK TO THE OFFICE BEFORE THEY COLLECT ME
WITH THE REST OF THE GARBAGE ---













OH COME - I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT !!

NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THE --- I MEAN--

THAT DID IT! NOW LOOK - BE SMART--



-- SHE SEEMED TO RECOGNIZE THEM. SHE LOOKED FRIGHTENED.



RONA AND VAMP!! THEY DOUBLE CROSSED CLIP!!



THE DOOR IS GIVING WAY!!

QUICK, BEFORE VAMP TEARS THE DOOR DOWN! THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

I CAN'T HOLD THE DOOR MUCH LONGER--

I -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



-- SHE WAS CONFUSED. SHE HAD TO MAKE A SNAP DECISION AND HOPE SHE WAS RIGHT--

I'LL HAVE TO TRUST YOU--
"THE HOT ICE IS COOLING OFF WITH THE COLD..."



1



2

I'VE GOT HIS GUN!

KEEP HIM COVERED!



3

THE PEEPER'S WAKING UP--

GET TO WORK ON THE GIRL!



4

TELL HIM! TELL HIM WHERE THE ROCK IS OR HE'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL LIKE A MATCH BOX!!



5

-- I'VE SEEN BRUTALITY IN MY DAY BUT I COULDN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS--

LOOK OUT VAMP!!



6

... HAVE A CHAIR!!

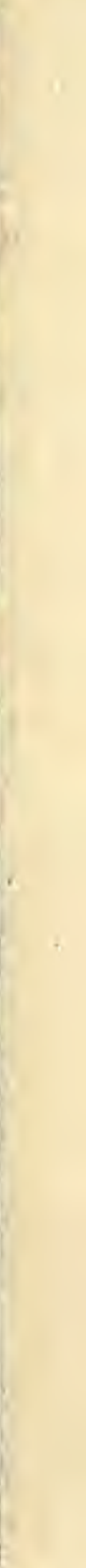


7

UGH!!!



8





Minnie Soo

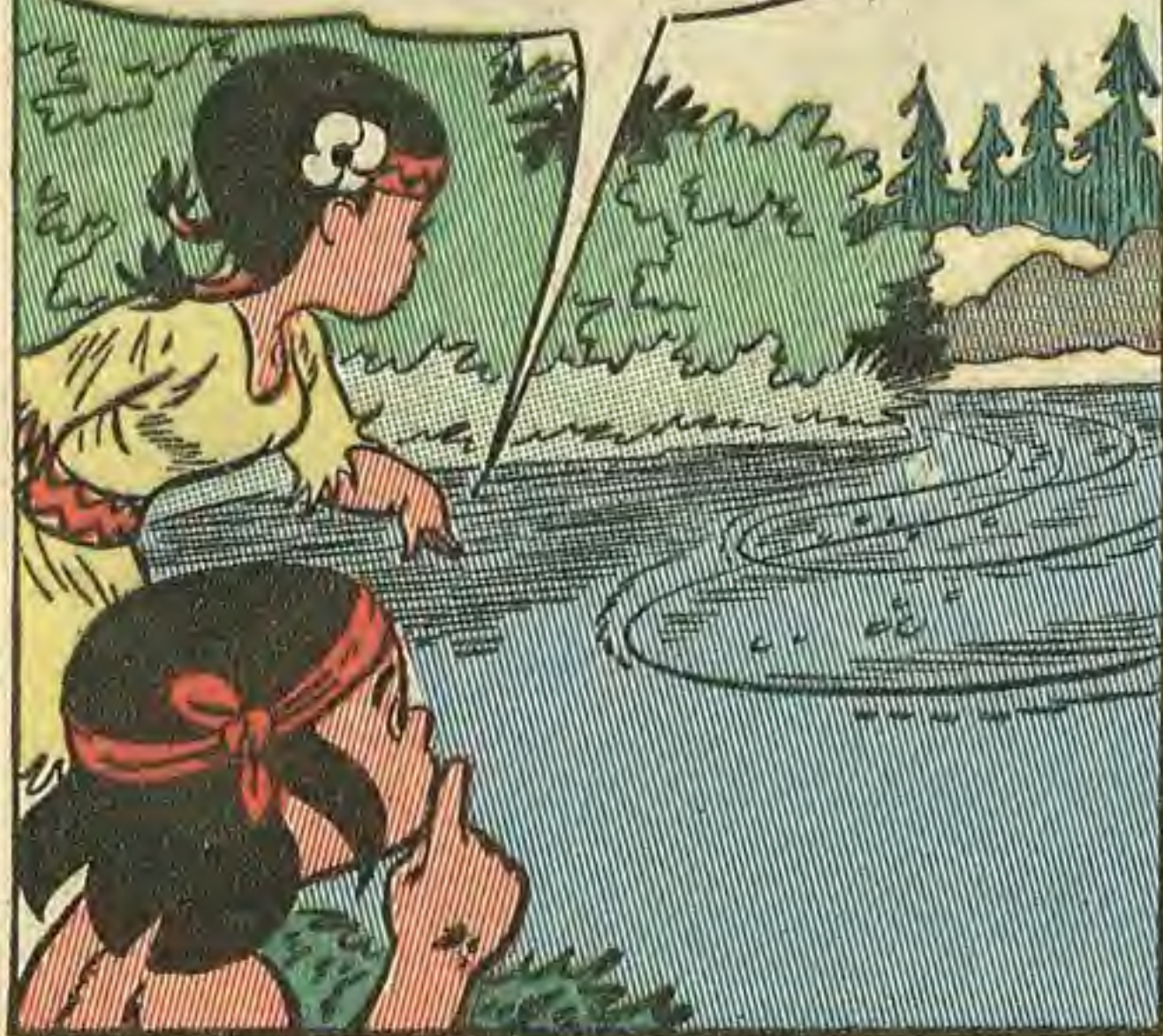
and LITTLE WAHA

OH, LOOK! ALL THOSE
RIPPLES COMING TO
THE SHORE!

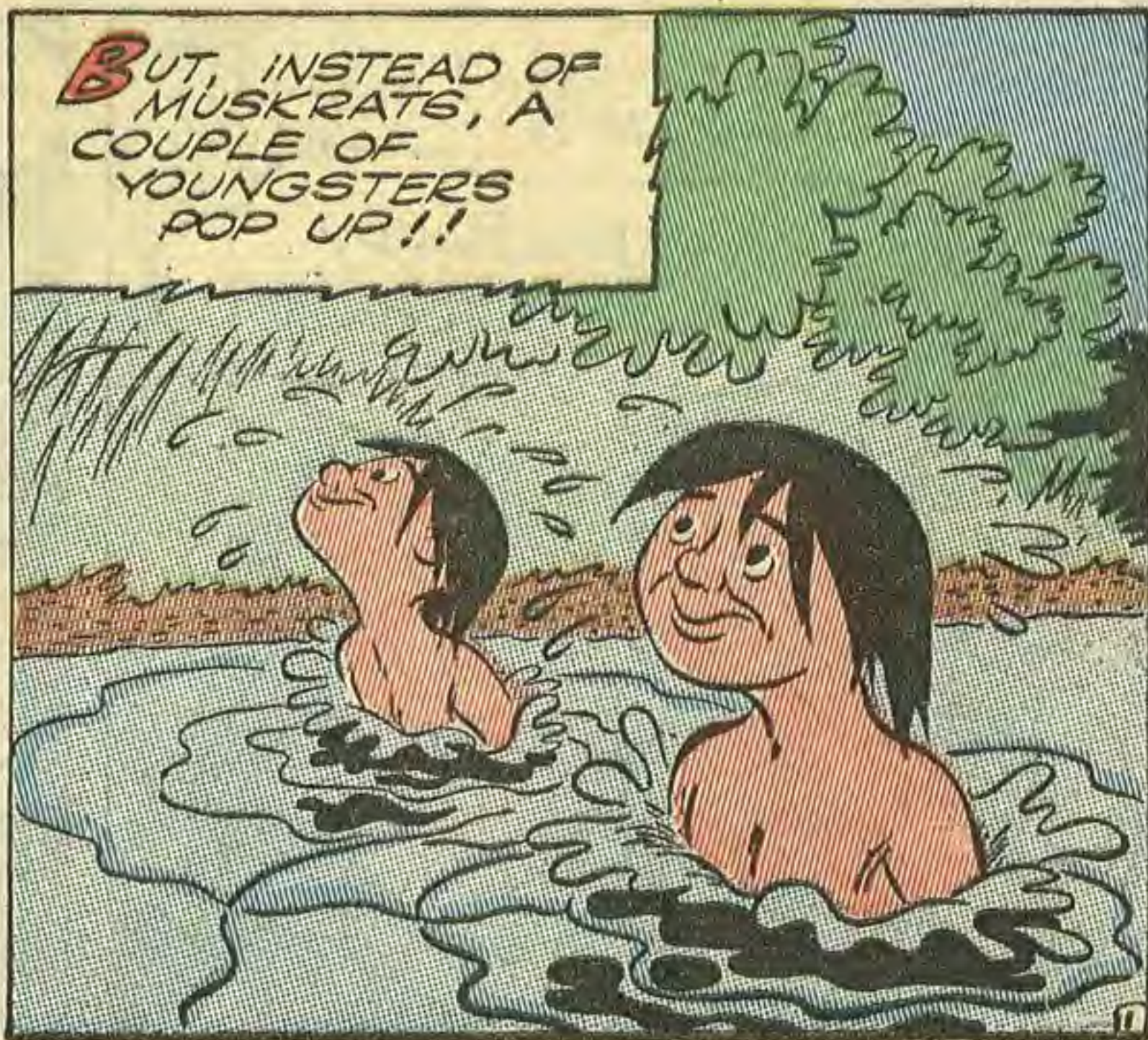
YAH! IT MUST BE
A FAMILY OF
MUSKRATS!



SH-H-H! BE QUIET,
MINNIE, SO WE WON'T
SCARE 'EM AWAY!



BUT, INSTEAD OF
MUSKRATS, A
COUPLE OF
YOUNGSTERS
POP UP!!



THEN ONE MORE APPEARS, THEN ANOTHER... AND YET, SOME MORE LITTLE INDIANS, TILL THERE ARE **TEN** IN ALL!!!



JUMPIN' JACKALS!
THEY'RE KIDS!...
INDIAN KIDS!!!

TEN OF THEM!
... AND ...
WHY, THERE'S
ANOTHER !!



PAPPY POOSE!!



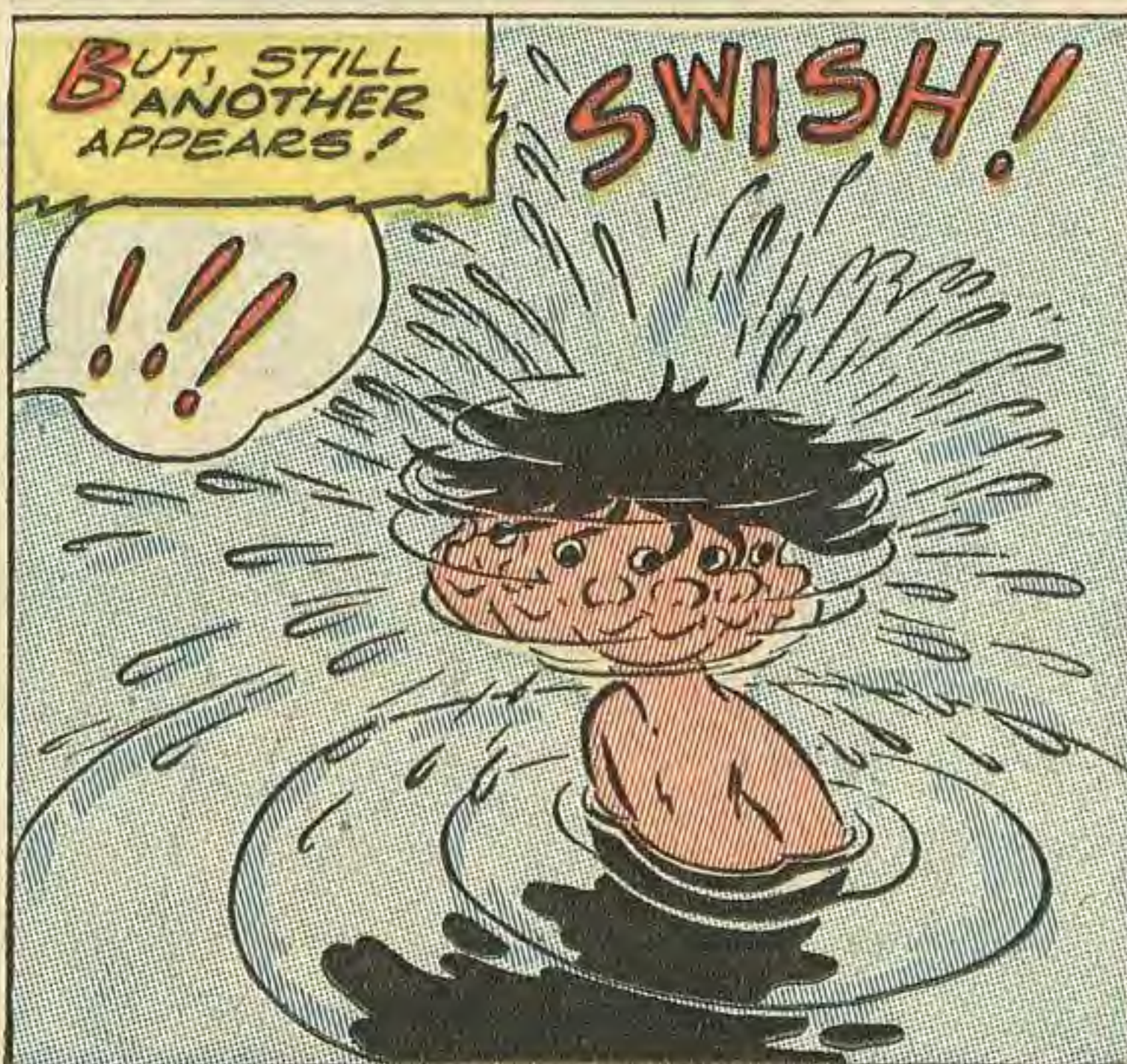
WHY, PAPPY POOSE! YOU
STARTLED US!

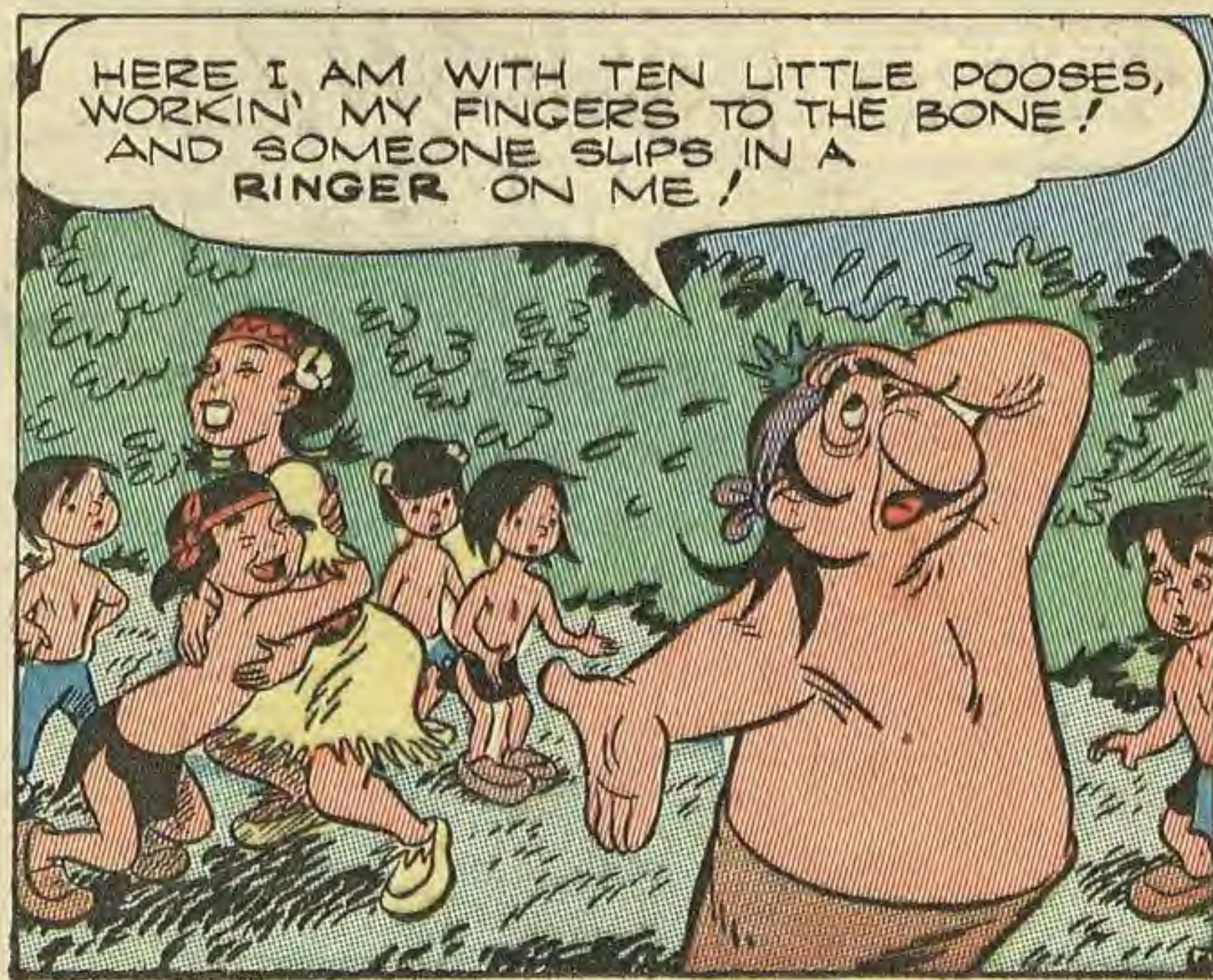
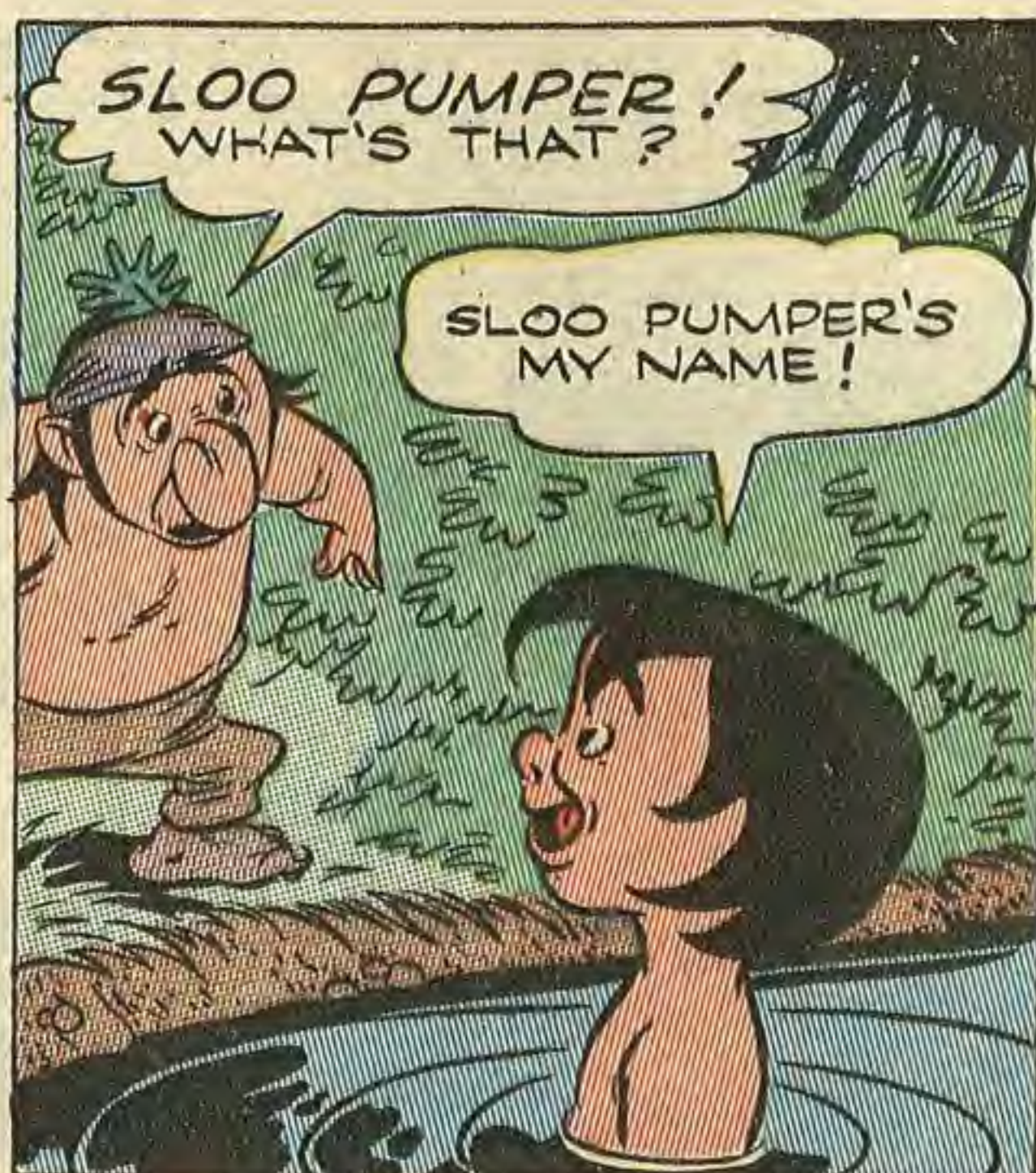
YES, I'M PAPPY
POOSE! I'VE BEEN
AWAY A LONG
TIME!



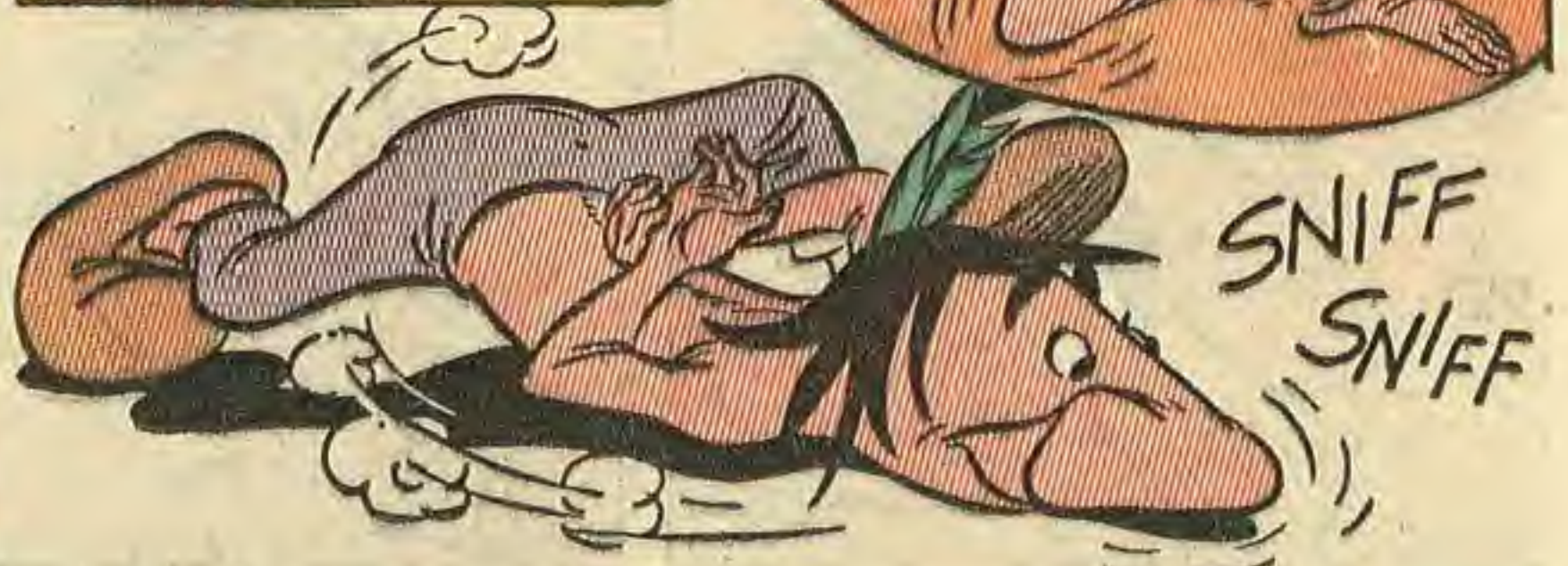
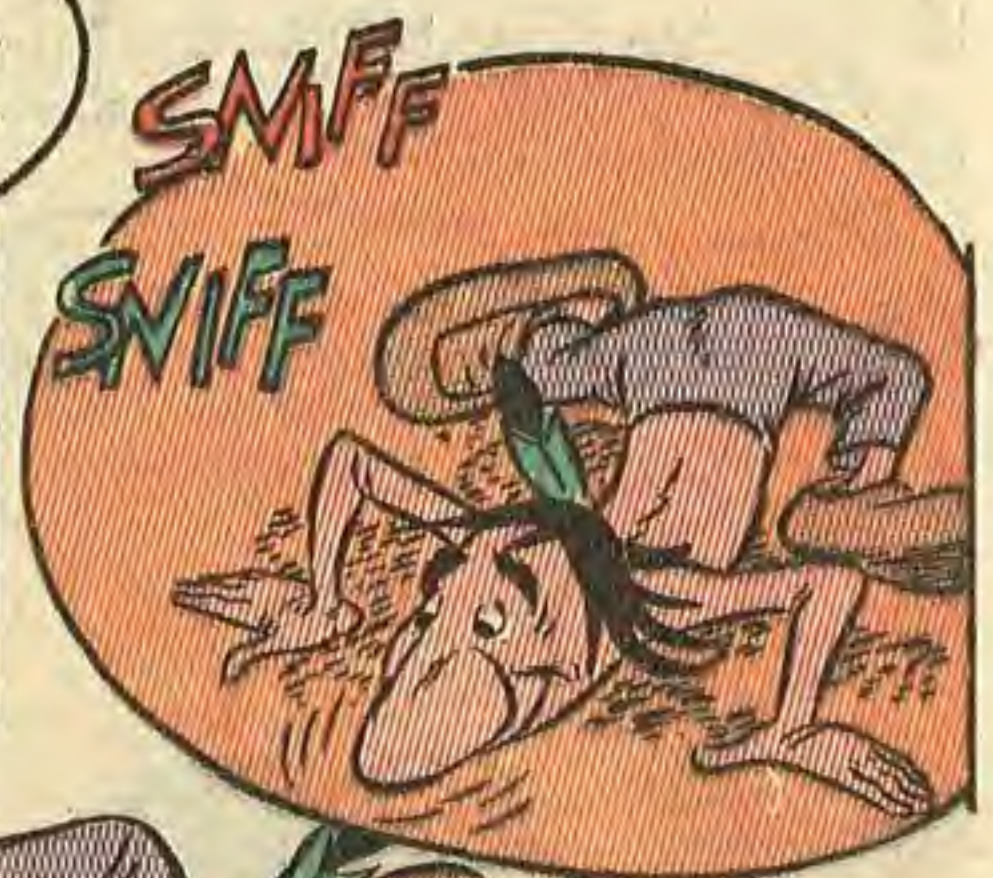
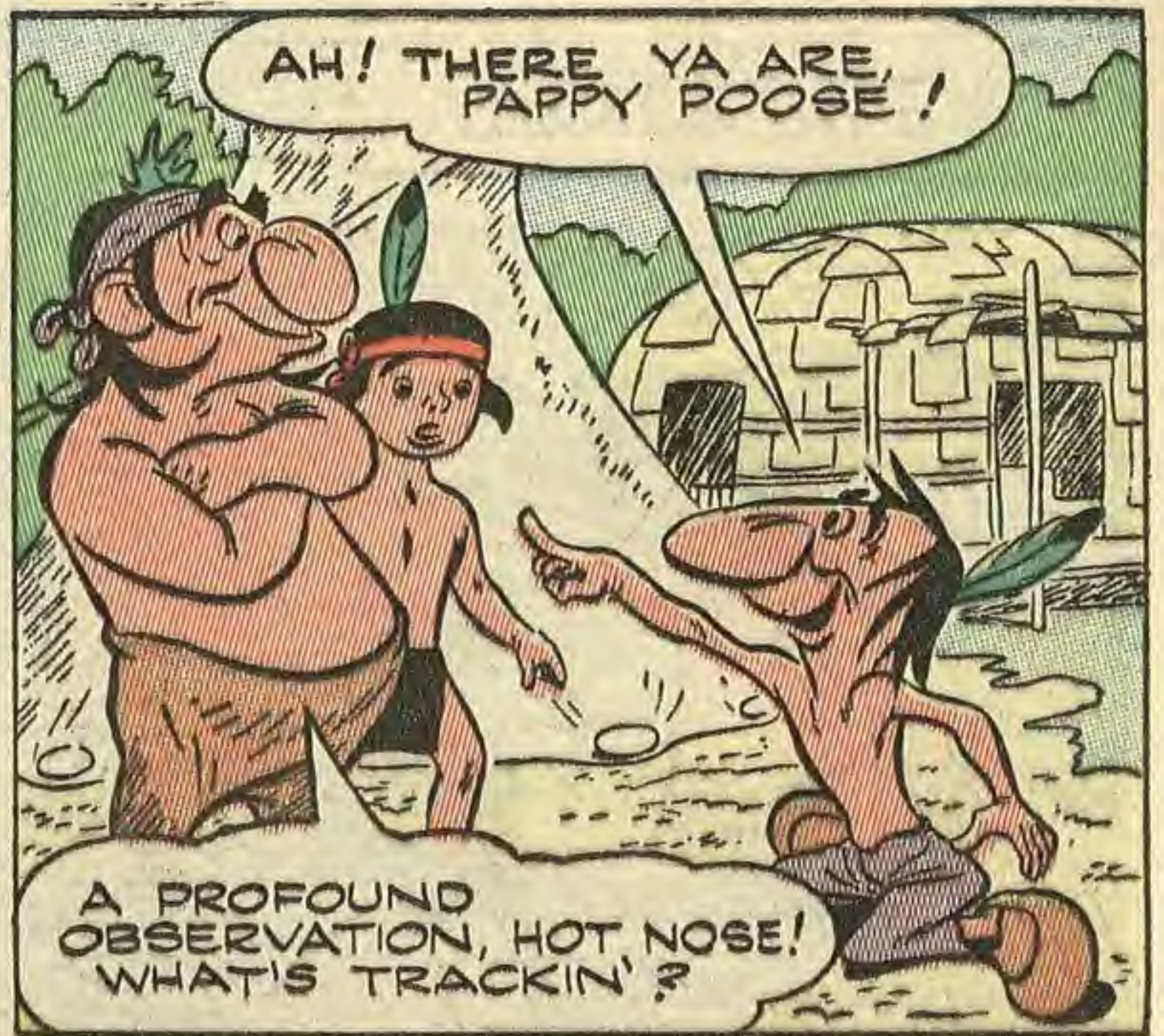
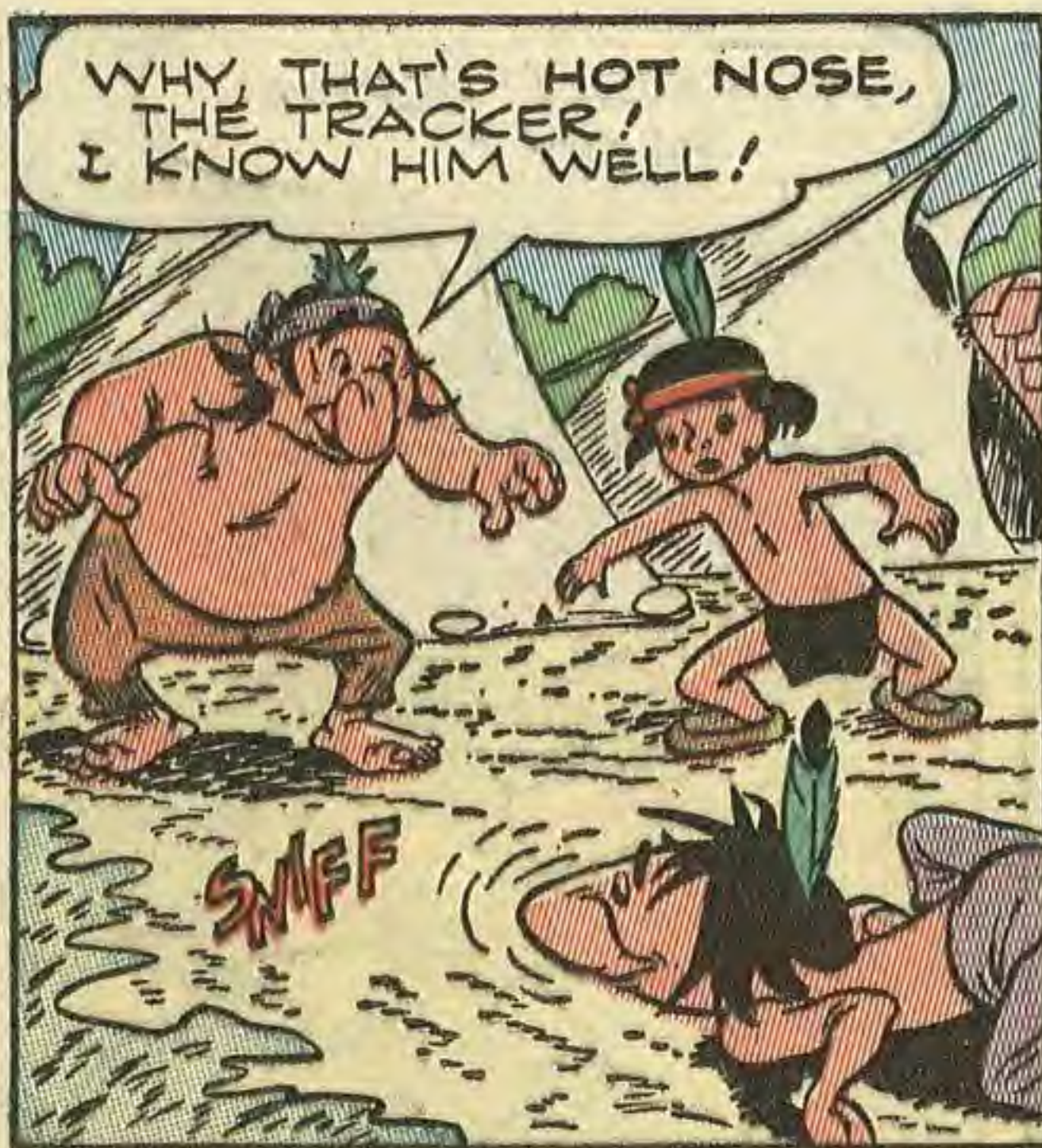
THESE ARE MY TEN
LITTLE POOSEES!







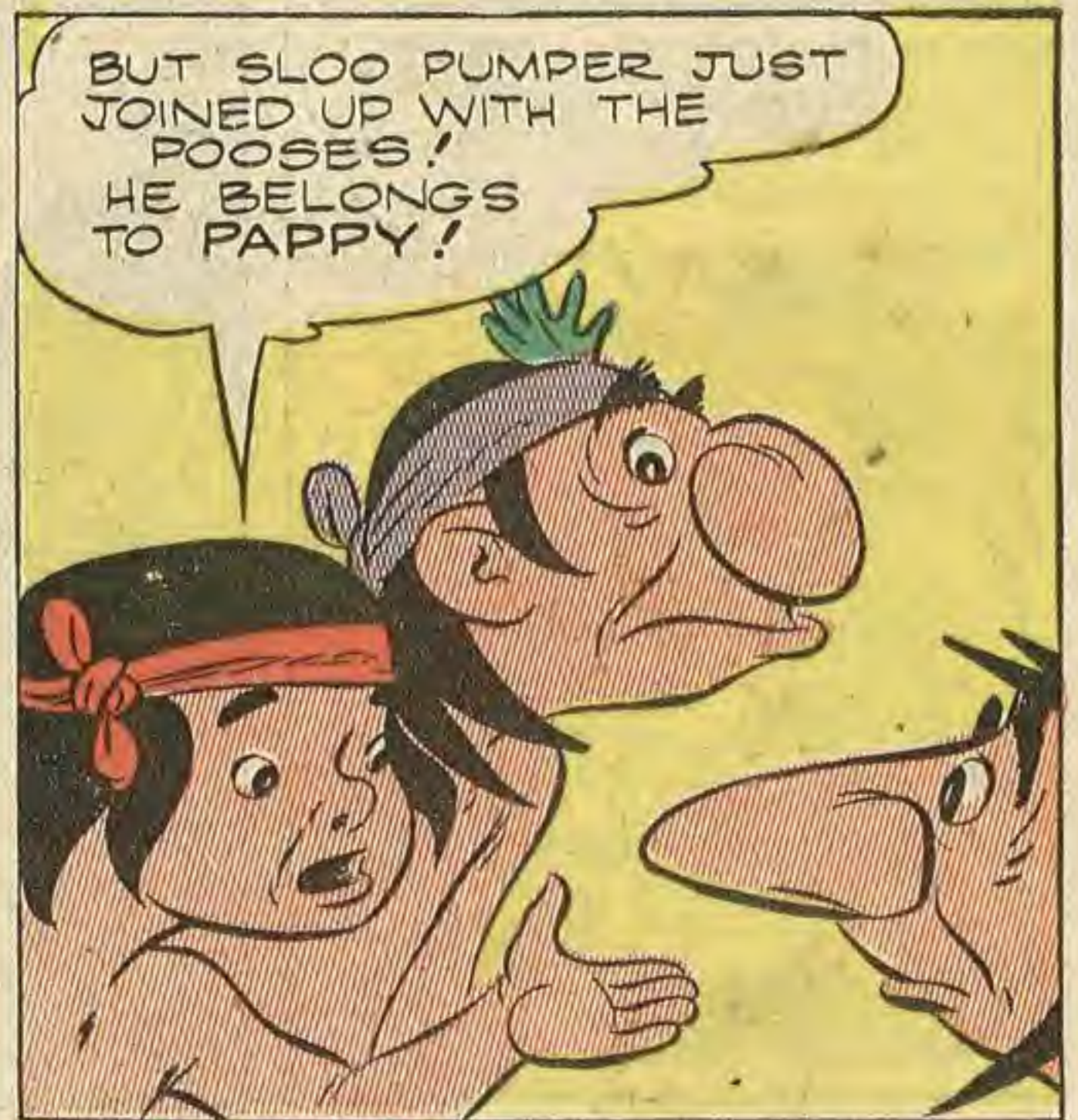






WHAT? HE CAN'T DO THAT! SLOO PUMPER BELONGS TO ME!

DON'T BLAME ME! HOT NOSE ONLY BRINGS THE NEWS!



BUT SLOO PUMPER JUST JOINED UP WITH THE POOSSES! HE BELONGS TO PAPPY!



HE BELONGS TO ME!



LYNX, THE EVIL ONE!!

YAS, MY PROUD BUCK! I AM LYNX THE EVIL ONE!



I AM CHIEF BIG PANTHER! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT RIGHT YOU HAVE OVER THIS LITTLE ONE!

WHAT RIGHT? HAW! I AM HIS FATHER!



THAT MONSTER THE FATHER OF CUTE LITTLE SLOO PUMPER ???

THAT'S AWFUL!



IS THIS SO, SLOO PUMPER, THAT HE IS YOUR FATHER?

Y-Y-YES!



DON'T LET HIM TAKE ME AWAY! HE'S CRUEL! HE KILLED MY MOTHER!



DON'T WORRY, SLOO PUMPER, YOU CAN STAY WITH US!



DURING THE CONFUSION...

HMMM! SNIFF! SNIFF!



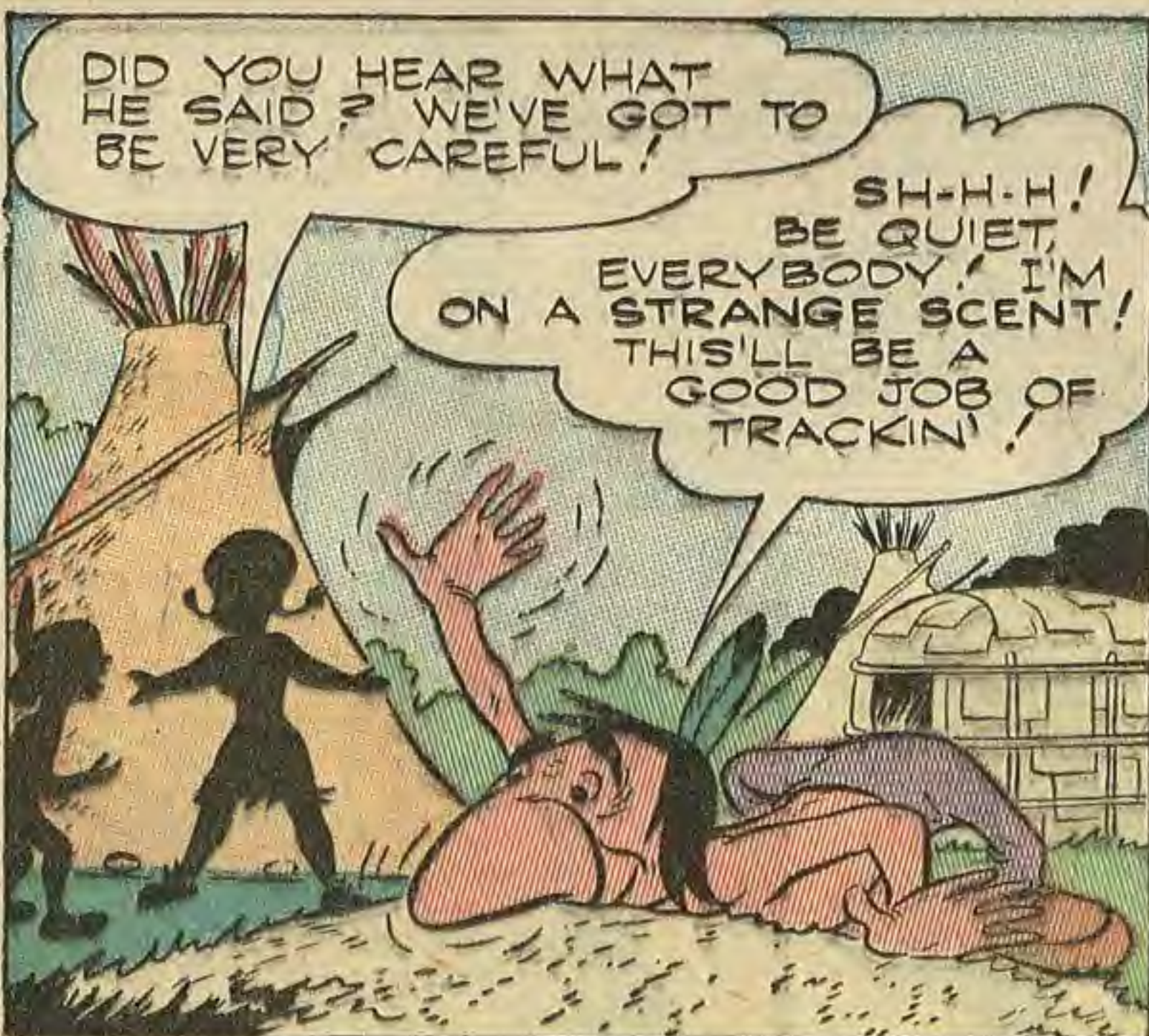
I WON'T USE FORCE, YET! I CAN BIDE MY TIME!



SLOO PUMPER WILL LIKE IT HERE! WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM! WE DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN!



I'LL BE BACK... AND POOSE OR NO ONE ELSE WILL STOP ME FROM TAKING THE PUMPER!



DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID? WE'VE GOT TO BE VERY CAREFUL!

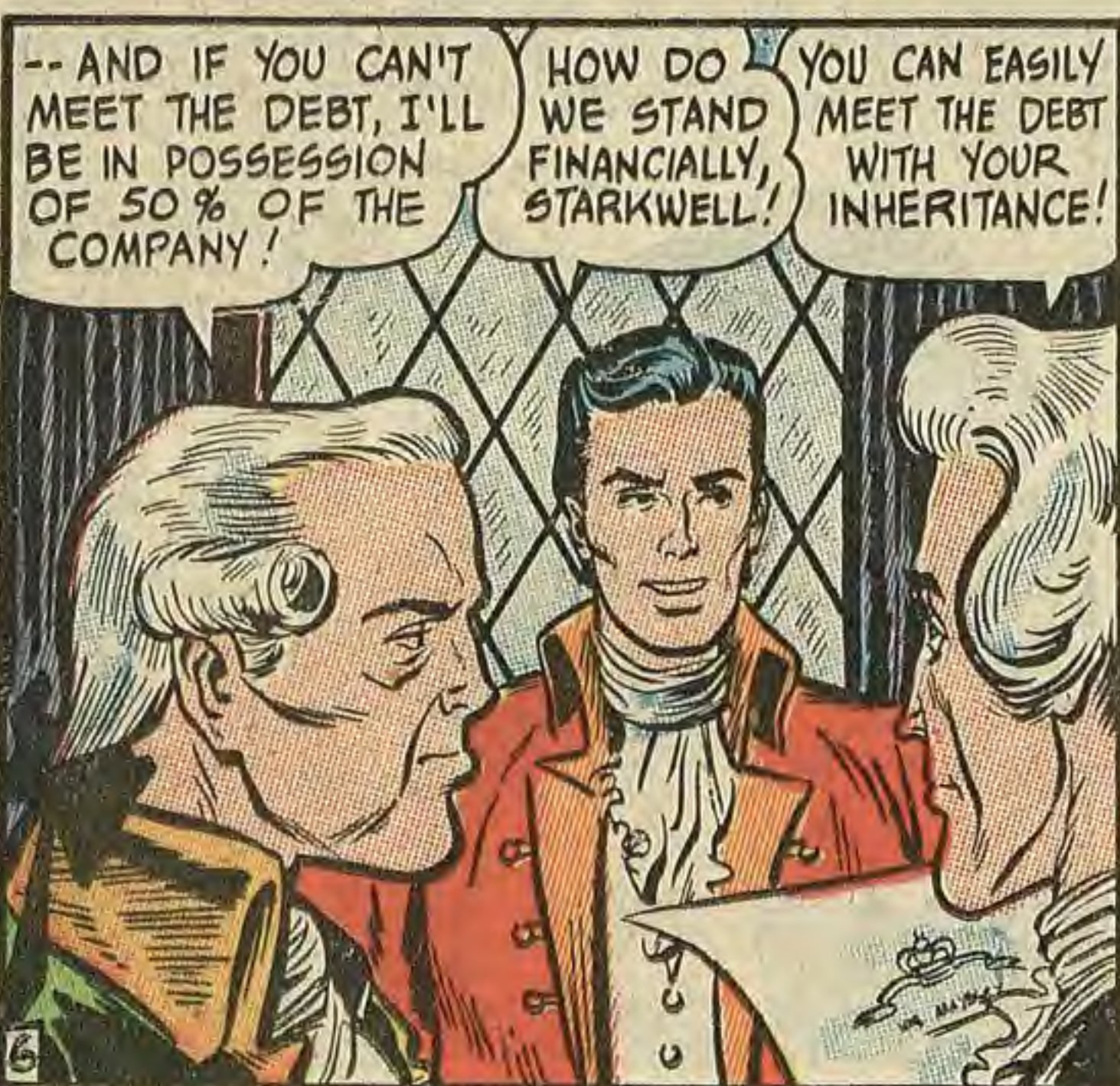
SH-H-H! BE QUIET, EVERYBODY! I'M ON A STRANGE SCENT! THIS'LL BE A GOOD JOB OF TRACKIN'!



WHY... AH... AW SHUCKS! IT'S ME!!

BART STEWART



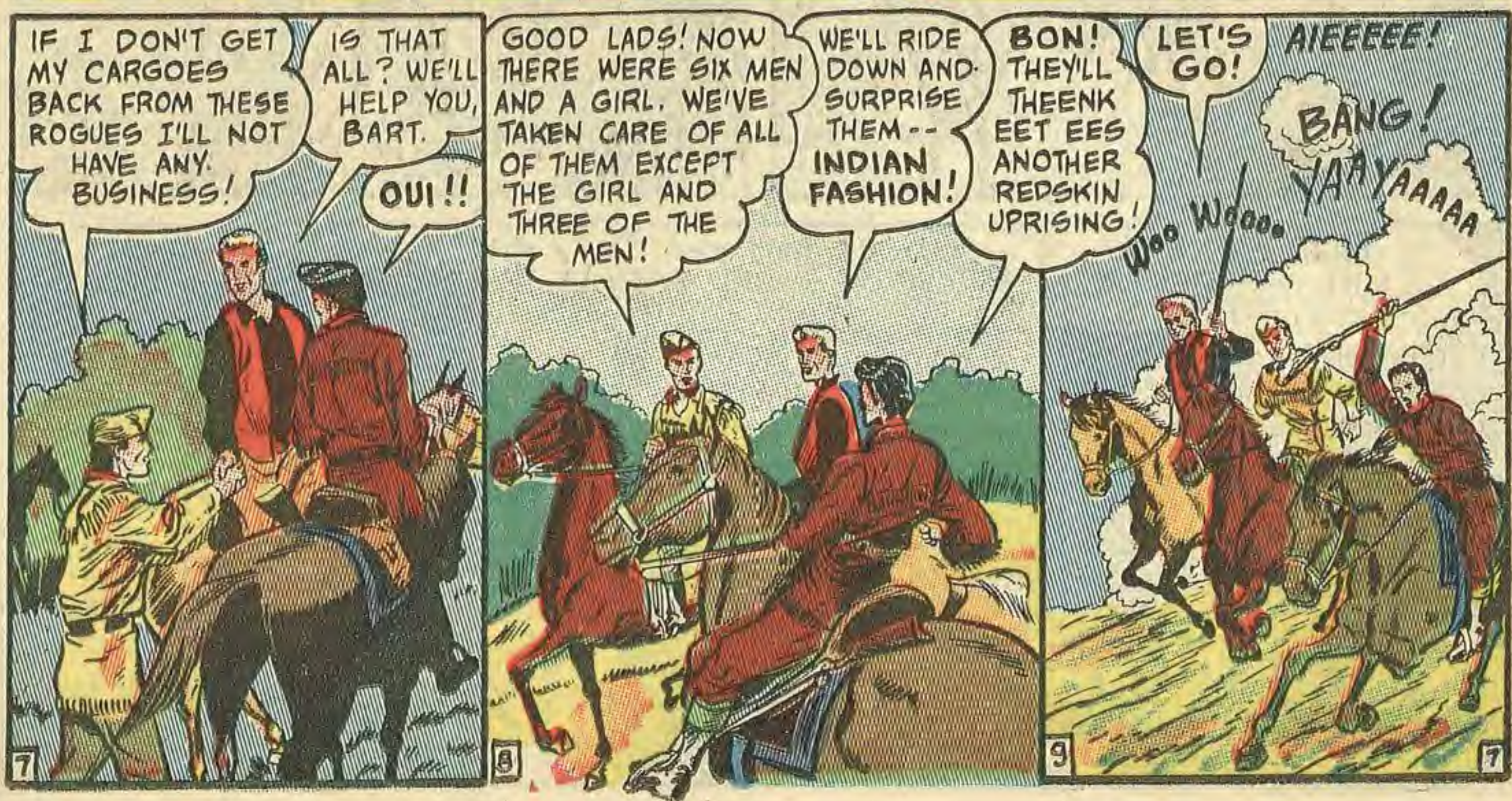














GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

"**B**UT I'm sick of drilling teeth," the dentist said. "I want to drill for the real McCoy."

He looked at the "victim" in the dreaded chair.

"And I know where I can do it," he whispered. "Only about two hundred miles from here."

The open-mouthed patient stared at him.

"Have you been breathing the gas, Doc?" he asked. "Or is this malarky on the level?"

Dr. McIntosh swept his eyes around the room like a whisk broom.

"It's as level as a skating rink," he said. "I had a map and—"

The man in the chair held up a hand.

"Whoa," he remarked. "Do I hear the bones of Captain Kidd rattling in your closet?"

The indignant Dr. McIntosh became as stiff as a starched shirt. His delicate pride had been wounded.

"Do you question my veracity?" he demanded.

"I will if it has the right answers," replied the patient.

The doctor panted like a love sick schoolgirl.

"Mr. Whiffletree," he said, "you are a man of intelligence. Let me tell you of my discovery. And then you may judge for yourself. And remember, sir, I am not a man to be taken in by schoolboy pranks."

Mr. Whiffletree looked at the doctor's ample waistline.

"You should be taken in by a corset," he remarked.

And the remark was ignored. Happily for the rather helpless Mr. Whiffletree.

"I found a map," continued Dr. McIntosh, "buried among a lot of ancient junk in my attic. It gave directions to an untapped vein of gold in this very state. I am convinced that it is authentic."

The patient sat up in his chair. He removed a piece of cotton from his mouth.

"What makes you so sure?" he asked.

"The map was in my grandfather's hand," was

the reply. "He's been dead for seventy years. There are specimens of his hand-writing in existence. I had an expert look them over. They are identical to the writing on the map."

Mr. Whiffletree removed another piece of cotton from his jaws.

"What does that prove?" he wanted to know. "It could still be a fake."

The face of Dr. McIntosh fell like a broken window shade.

"Sir," he said, "do you question my grandfather's honesty?"

"Not his honesty," replied Mr. Whiffletree, "but his sanity maybe. Did the old gent see bats in his room? If so, what color were they?"

"Green."

"Then he was nuts. Only pink bats fly around in private homes."

* * * * *

DR. MCINTOSH took a grip on himself. He also took a grip on the arms of his dentist chair. He was a tall man and the floor was far beneath him. He stared at Mr. Whiffletree much as Bluebeard must have stared at any one of his wives.

"I am confiding in you, sir," he said icily, "because I don't know any better. Bear with me—and we'll both be rich."

The patient shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm already a millionaire," he said. "What more do I want?"

"Adventure," replied the doctor, "the thrill of the hunt."

He leaned over his patient until they nearly engaged in an Eskimo kiss. This is accomplished, incidentally, by rubbing noses together.

"What would you do if you dug your own gold?" he asked.

Mr. Whiffletree had a ready answer.

"I'd give it to you so you could fill my teeth with it."

Dr. McIntosh staggered backward.

"Egad, sir," he shouted, "have you no adventure in your heart? Have you become so old and decrepit that the thrills of youth no longer

appeal to you? Here I am, pulling myself up by the straps of your wisdom tooth, and all I get is a blank expression, which rather becomes you, by the way. And I offer you the chance of a lifetime. What have you got in your veins, sir? Blood or milk?"

Mr. Whiffletree snatched the towel from around his neck. He threw it on the floor.

"Are you looking for a financial backer?" he shouted. "Some sucker to put up the money for this wild goose-chase of yours? Is that why you confide in me, Dr. McIntosh?"

The dentist stared him straight in the face.

"In words of one syllable," he replied, "YES."

And Mr. Whiffletree laughed.

"I admire your frankness," he said. "When do we start?"

Dr. McIntosh appeared stunned. It was strictly an act but the doctor was a good actor. He knew what the answer would be.

"THREE MOONS FROM NOW," he roared.

There were times when he thought he was a descendant of Sitting Bull.

"Never mind the Indian lingo," said Mr. Whiffletree.

"Give it to me in plain English."

The doctor bowed. Such was his courtesy. He might have been addressing Henry the Eighth.

"Our journey starts three days hence," he drooled, "on the morning of the Fifth of September, in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-Five A.D."

"Who will be with us?" asked Mr. Whiffletree.

"Napoleon?"

"THAT SCOUNDREL—oops— Pardon me, sir, for the moment I was carried away."

"But not far enough," remarked Mr. Whiffletree.

THREE days later the great gold rush began.

A car and trailer transported the two twentieth century prospectors to the site of this fabulous El Dorado. Dr. McIntosh insisted that gold flowed down the mountain streams so fast the fish choked on it. Mr. Whiffletree told himself he must be in another world. This could not happen to him. He was sorry their equipment did not include a strait-jacket. Or perhaps TWO strait-jackets. Mr. Whiffletree doubted his own sanity.

When they reached their mountain destination, the pair made camp for the night. In the morning they would break their backs over a couple of shovels. Dr. McIntosh dreamed that night that the forest birds had feathers of gold—the fish had fins of silver. There were diamonds on the trees and emeralds in the grass. An owl hooted at them. Dr. McIntosh must catch that owl. Its eyes were a pair of red rubies.

IN the morning breakfast was prepared. And how the trees had changed. They bore leaves instead of diamonds. Mr. Whiffletree looked about him.

"This place looks normal to me," he said. "I don't see any gold dust under my feet. What are you giving me, anyway? Ulcers, maybe?"

But the doctor's enthusiasm remained undiminished.

"I give you adventure," he roared. "Besides, the fresh air will do you good. You look anemic."

Mr. Whiffletree shook his greying head.

"Adventure?" he remarked. "This place is as dangerous as Central Park. I've seen nothing wilder than a rabbit."

"But these rabbits have teeth."

"SO HAVE I," shouted Mr. Whiffletree, "and if you don't produce some gold I'll bite your head off."

Dr. McIntosh looked injured. Have you ever seen a wilted rose? Then you have seen the good Doctor as he appeared this moment.

"Mr. Whiffletree," he said, "I'm a man of my word. I promised you gold and gold you shall have."

"I've already got it," said Mr. Whiffletree. He opened his mouth and pointed to four of his teeth.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Brass, maybe?"

Dr. McIntosh drew himself to his full height.

"Come," he said softly, "let's be off."

"You're already off," said Mr. Whiffletree, "and I'm not far behind you. I should never have left the farm in my youth. Mother warned me about these city slickers."

THE search began. They dug and shovelled—shovelled and dug until their arms were aching and their backs were nearly broken. And still they mined some more.

"What are we building?" asked Mr. Whiffletree. "A tunnel to China, maybe?"

Dr. McIntosh dropped his shovel. A look of amazement came over his face.

"Good heavens," he exploded, "I've just remembered something."

"What?" asked the exhausted Mr. Whiffletree. The doctor laughed.

"This is rich," he said. "I've just remembered that grandfather was a great practical joker. He once faked a copy of the Declaration of Independence. What a joke."

Mr. Whiffletree kept on digging. When the hole took the shape of a grave, Dr. McIntosh fled into the woods. The hunt was over.

THE END

BUCK FARREL

AFTER THEIR TROUBLE WITH THE MAN-KILLING GORILLA, BUCK AND CORNY TRY TO TURN THEIR BACKS ON TROUBLE AND ENJOY THE BALMY DAYS AND STARRY NIGHTS IN RIO DE JANEIRO... BUT THEY SOON DISCOVER THAT TREACHERY HAS DISCIPLES IN THE BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN PORT... YES, MANY DISCIPLES.....



I KNOW THAT TRAMP'S SKIPPER, CORNY! SHE'S SAILING TONIGHT FOR BELGIUM WITH COFFEE IN HER HOLD AND A FORTUNE IN ROUGH DIAMONDS IN HER STRONG BOX!...



MAYBE WE COULD TAKE ON A BALLAST OF COFFEE AND RUN A BOX OF BRAZILIAN GEMS TO ANTWERP!

THAT CAN WAIT, BUCK! FOR THE NEXT WEEK WE DO NOTHING BUT SWIM, FISH AND TAKE LIFE EASY!





THE BOAT OF THIS BUCK FARREL
WILL SUIT OUR PLAN, SILVA... HIS
CREW IS ON SHORE AND I THINK
HE NEEDS MONEY!



I WANT TO CHARTER YOUR
BOAT, FARREL... ONE
HUNDRED AMERICAN
DOLLARS A DAY---
FOR ONE WEEK!...
YES?

WAIT A
MINUTE!
WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT'S
YOUR
BUSINESS?



I AM JORGE SALAZAR —
COFFEE BROKER... NEED
A BOAT TO
CARRY
MACHINERY
TO MY
BROTHER'S
PLANTATION!

THERE
ARE PLENTY
OF BOATS
HERE IN RIO!
SORRY, I
CAN'T
ACCEPT YOUR
OFFER!



HE
DON'T
LIKE
OUR
LOOKS,
EH?

IT DOESN'T MATTER!
I HAVE NOT PLAYED
MY LAST CARD... WE
WILL BE ABOARD
THE SUZY-Q
AT SUNDOWN!



TELL THE OTHERS
TO MEET ME HERE,
SILVA! I AM
GOING TO
THE
POLICE!

POLICE?
HAVE
YOU
LOST
YOUR
MIND?



AND BESIDES THE MONEY, THEY STOLE
MUCH VALUABLE JEWELRY FROM MY
HOUSE!... THE PEDDLAR WHO SAW THEM
LEAVE SAID THEY WERE AMERICAN SEA-
MEN... HE TRAILED
THEM TO THE WATER-
FRONT... TO A SHIP
NAMED SUZY-Q!

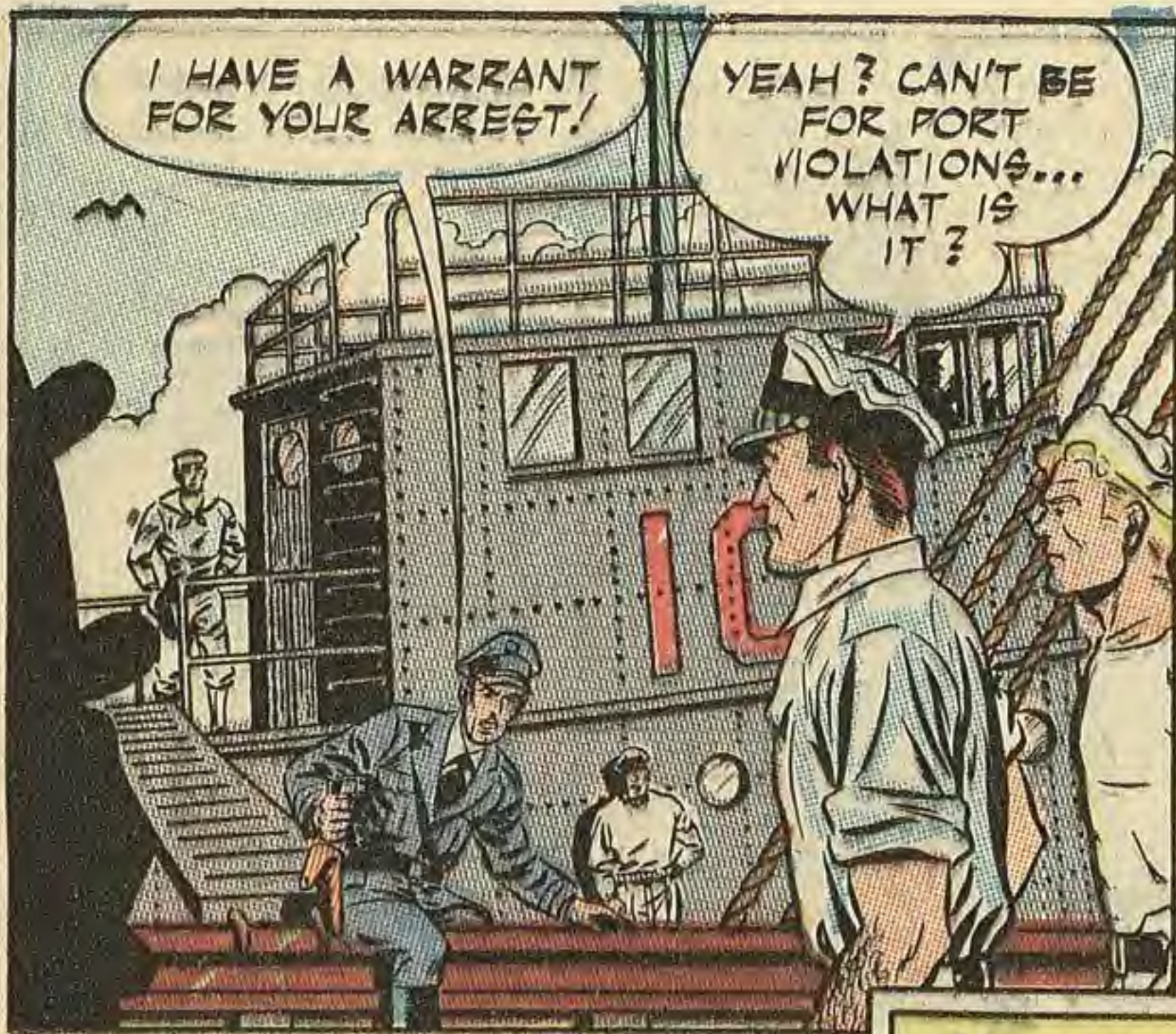
HMM... I WILL
ORDER THEIR
IMMEDIATE
ARREST!



POLICE BOAT HEADING
TOWARD US!... WONDER
WHAT'S UP,
CORNBY?

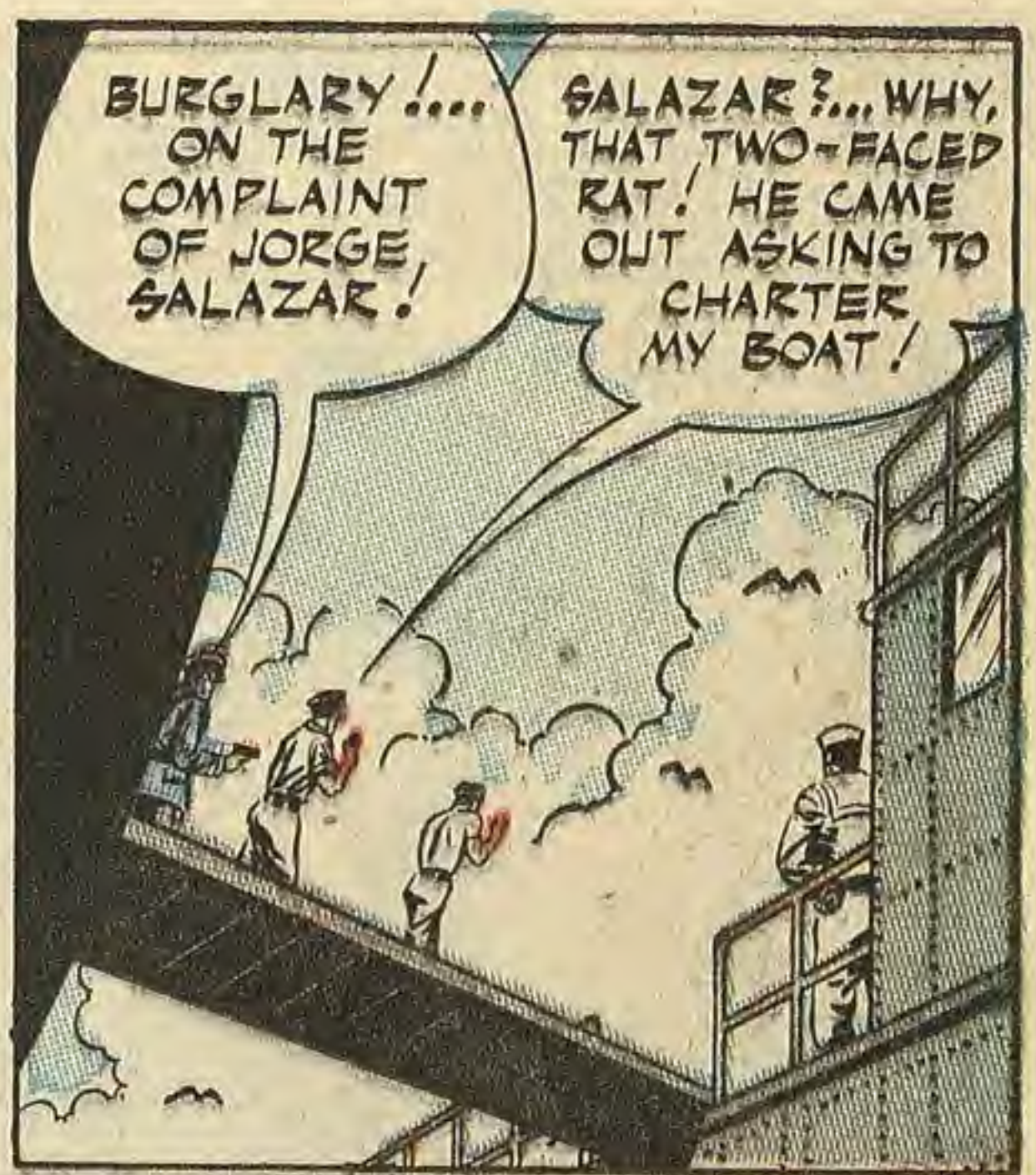
ALL WE'RE
GUILTY OF
IS
LOAFIN'!

SUZY-Q



I HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST!

YEAH? CAN'T BE FOR PORT VIOLATIONS... WHAT IS IT?



BURGLARY!... ON THE COMPLAINT OF JORGE SALAZAR!

SALAZAR?... WHY, THAT TWO-FACED RAT! HE CAME OUT ASKING TO CHARTER MY BOAT!



OF ALL THE BUM RAPS I EVER HEARD OF... I HOPE THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL SPRING US BEFORE DARK, CORNY!

YEAH!...THE COP THEY LEFT ON BOARD CAN'T MANAGE THINGS IF A GALE BLOWS UP!

MEANWHILE, IN THE WATERFRONT SHACK.....



JIMINEZ AND LARGUS HAD NO TROUBLE SIGNING ON THE BELGIAN SHIP!...DID YOUR FRIEND, THE JAIL PORTER, GIVE YOU A KEY, MENDOZA?

YES, AND I GAVE IT TO SILVA!

I HAVE IT IN MY POCKET!



THE THIRD WINDOW ON THE ALLEY, SILVA... REMEMBER!

YES, I WAIT TIL ABOUT ONE HOUR AFTER SUNDOWN!



WORSE LUCK! THE CONSUL CAN'T HELP US UNTIL WE HAVE A FORMAL HEARING IN COURT, TOMORROW MORNING!

SOME PREDICAMENT! WE'LL BE FREED, BUT MEANWHILE, I BET HE'S GONNA HIJACK OUR BOAT!



PSST! PSST!



ABOARD THE SUZY-Q...

JIMINEZ AND LARGUS
SIGNALLED THEY HAVE
DISABLED THE FREIGHTER'S
RADIO AND ARE READY
WITH THE DYNAMITE
FOR THE BOILER! THEY
HAVE LOWERED LADDERS
FOR YOU TO BOARD
THE SHIP....

GET THE STRONG
BOX IN THE CAP-
TAIN'S CABIN!...
SHOOT ANY MAN
WHO GETS IN
YOUR
WAY!

HO! WE
ARE
FOLLOWED!
THE
POLICE!

GOOD THING LUIS BRING
ME OUT TO SUZY-Q IN
HIS FAST LITTLE BOAT!...
I HAVE WAITED MANY
YEARS TO GIVE
THIS TO THE
POLICE!



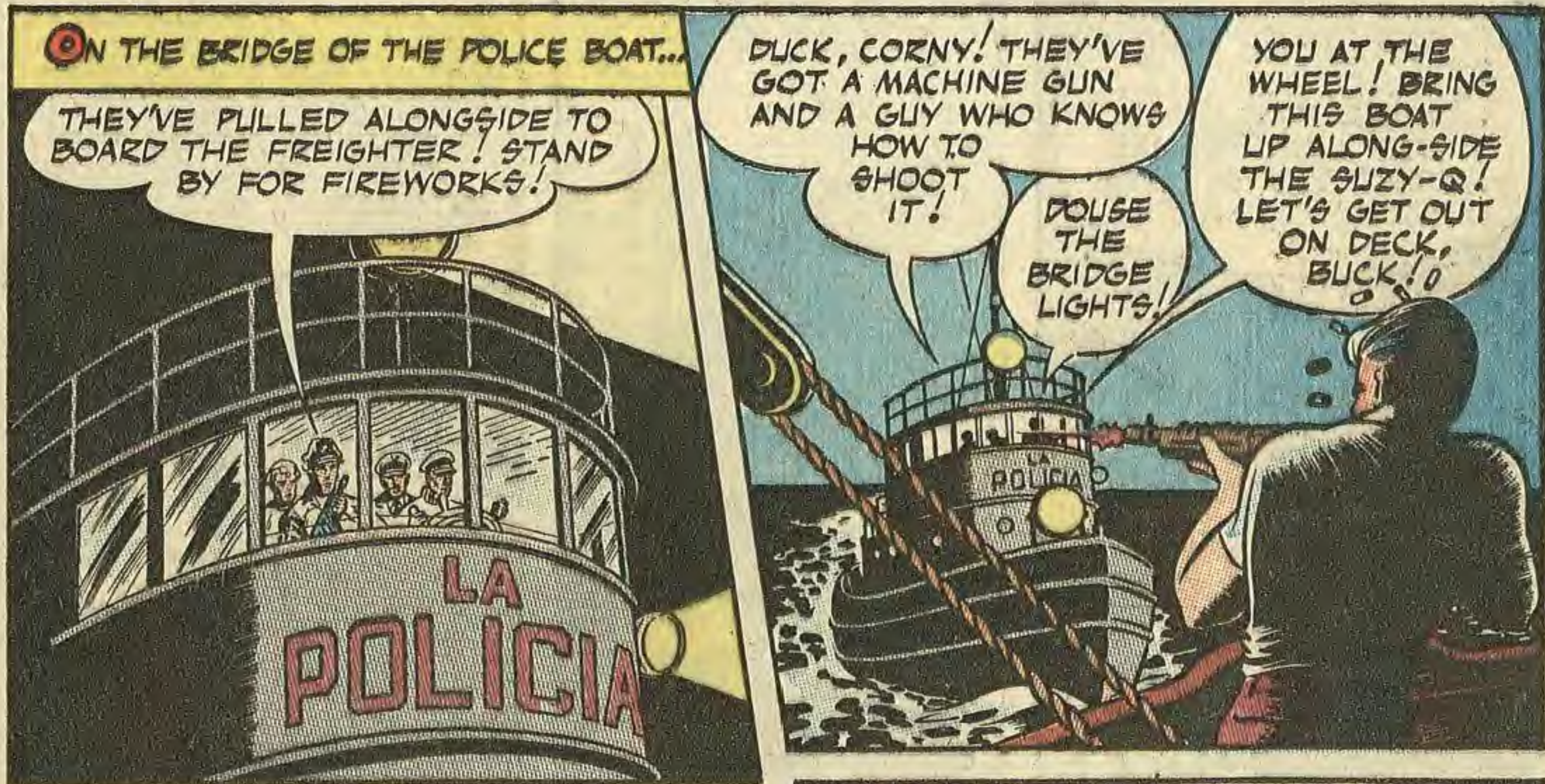
ON THE BRIDGE OF THE POLICE BOAT...

THEY'VE PULLED ALONGSIDE TO
BOARD THE FREIGHTER! STAND
BY FOR FIREWORKS!

DUCK, CORNY! THEY'VE
GOT A MACHINE GUN
AND A GUY WHO KNOWS
HOW TO
SHOOT
IT!

DOUSE
THE
BRIDGE
LIGHTS!

YOU AT THE
WHEEL! BRING
THIS BOAT
UP ALONG-SIDE
THE SUZY-Q!
LET'S GET OUT
ON DECK,
BUCK!



HE DUCKED
BEHIND THE
STERN
RAILING,/
BUCK!

YEAH - BUT HE'LL
POP UP FOR
ANOTHER SHOT
IN A MINUTE!...
NOW!
**WATCH
THIS!**

**KEEP FIRING, SILVA!
KEEP FIRING, FOOL!**





VOODAH

ONLY VOODAH CAN
HELP YOU FIND YOUR
FATHER, MISS RYDER.
THE JUNGLE TOM-
TOMS WILL SUMMON
HIM.

I HOPE
HE COMES
SOON!

1

VOODAH
COMES LIKE
LIGHTNING!

2

SOMEONE
CALLED VOODAH!

YES,
OH JUNGLE
LORD. THIS
WOMAN WISHES
YOU TO FIND HER
FATHER AND SISTER.

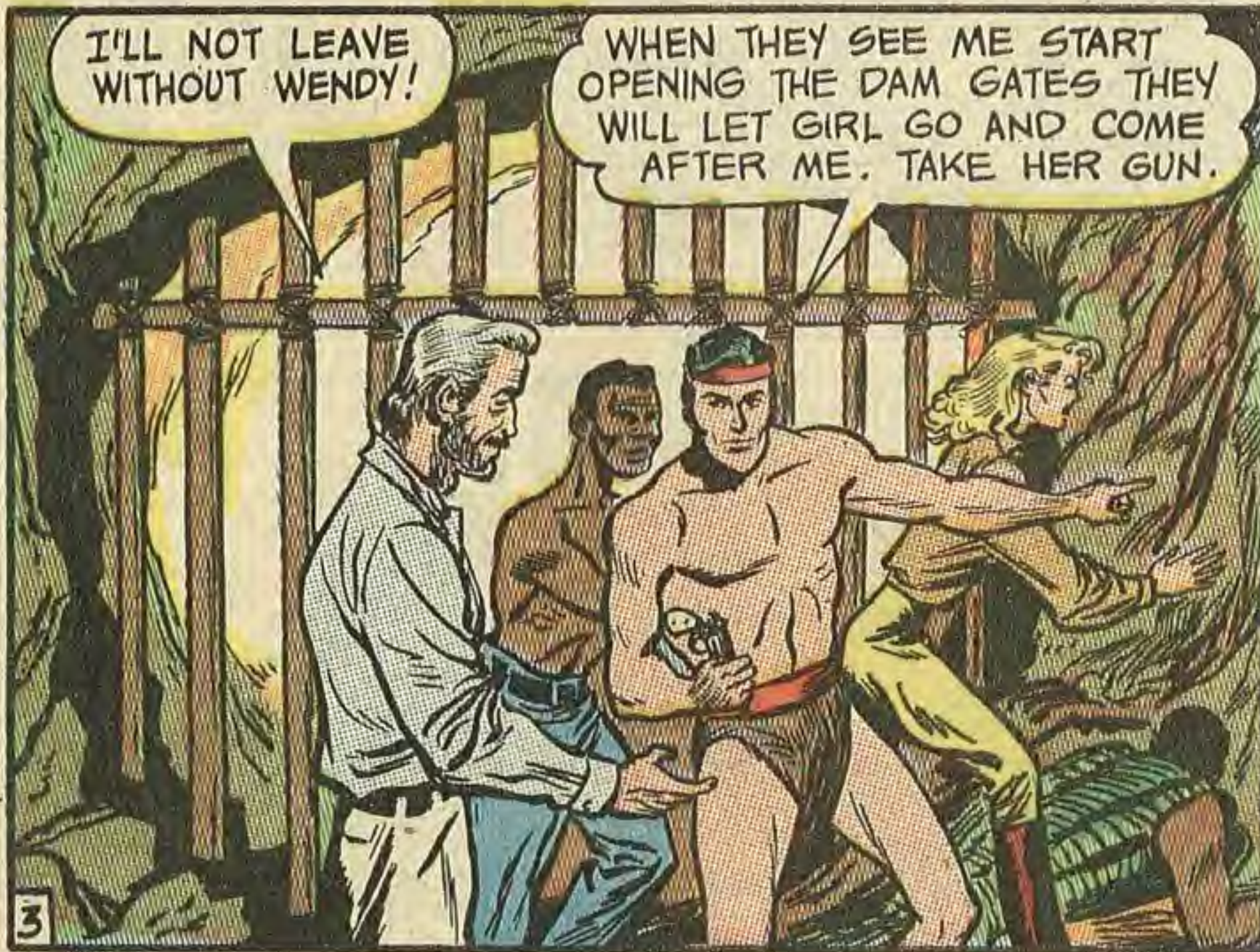
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1











LOOK
FOR
ANOTHER
ADVENTURE
OF
VOODAH
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
**CROWN
COMICS**

YIPPY

the YUKON PILOT by HEIMDAHL



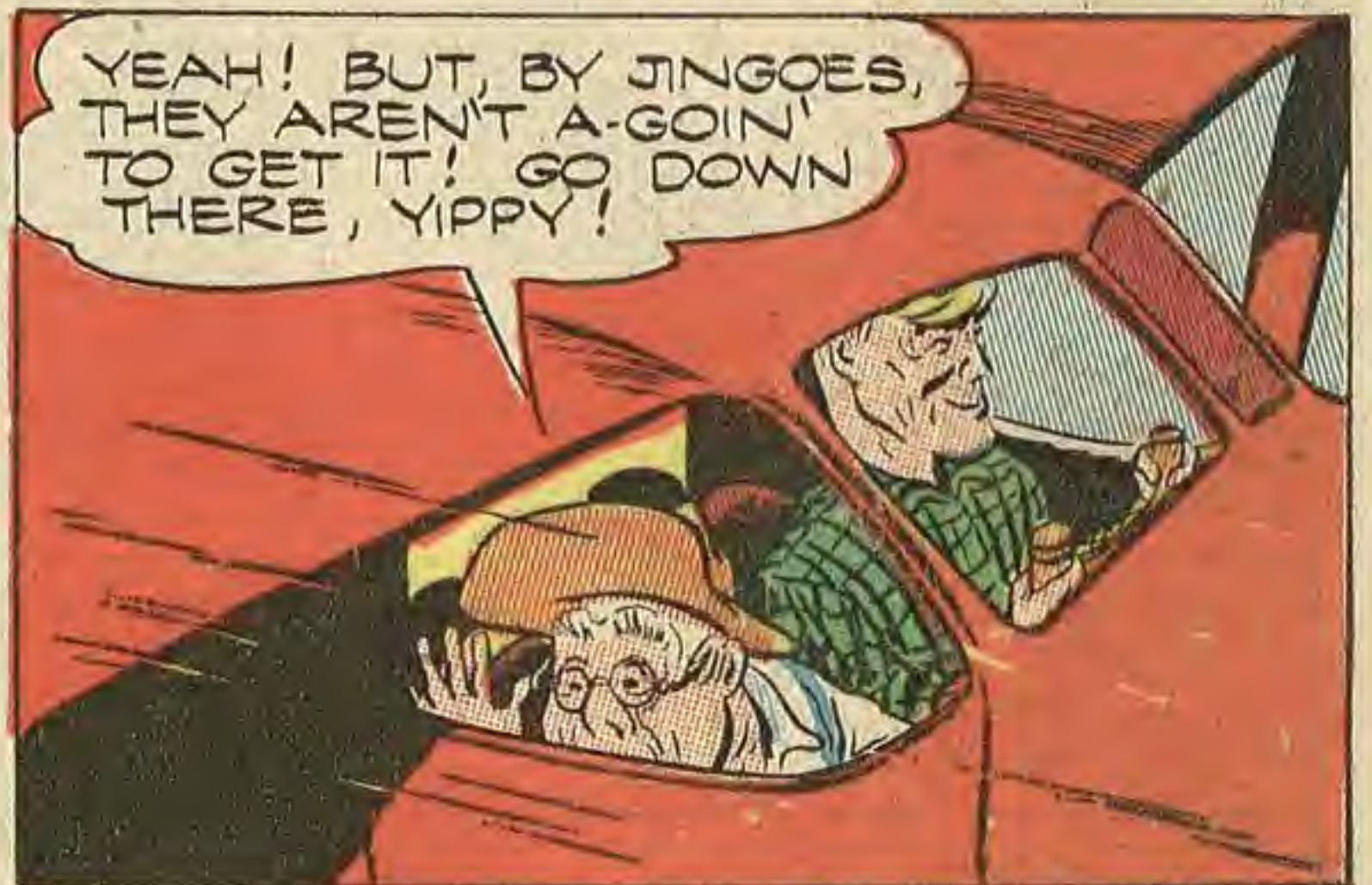
YIPPY, A BUSH PILOT, OPERATES A FREIGHT AND GENERAL FLYING SERVICE IN ALASKA AND THE CANADIAN WILDS. HE IS NOW ON A CHARTERED FLIGHT WITH O. O. DUCKIT, A GAME WARDEN, FROM THE U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE.



AHA! LOOK DOWN THERE, YIPPY! THERE'S DIRTY WORK A-FLOAT! THEY'RE A-FISHIN' WITH MORE'N ONE POLE A PIECE!



THEY SHOULD GET A GOOD MEAL WITH A SET-UP LIKE THAT, EH, DUCKIT?



YEAH! BUT, BY JINGOES, THEY AREN'T A-GOIN' TO GET IT! GO DOWN THERE, YIPPY!



AW HECK, DUCKIT, WHY SPOIL THEIR FUN? MOST LIKELY NOT CATCHING MUCH, ANYHOW!



SET THIS KITE DOWN! YOU'RE GETTIN' PAID FER THIS! HURRY UP, BEFORE THEY DUCK THE EVIDENCE!

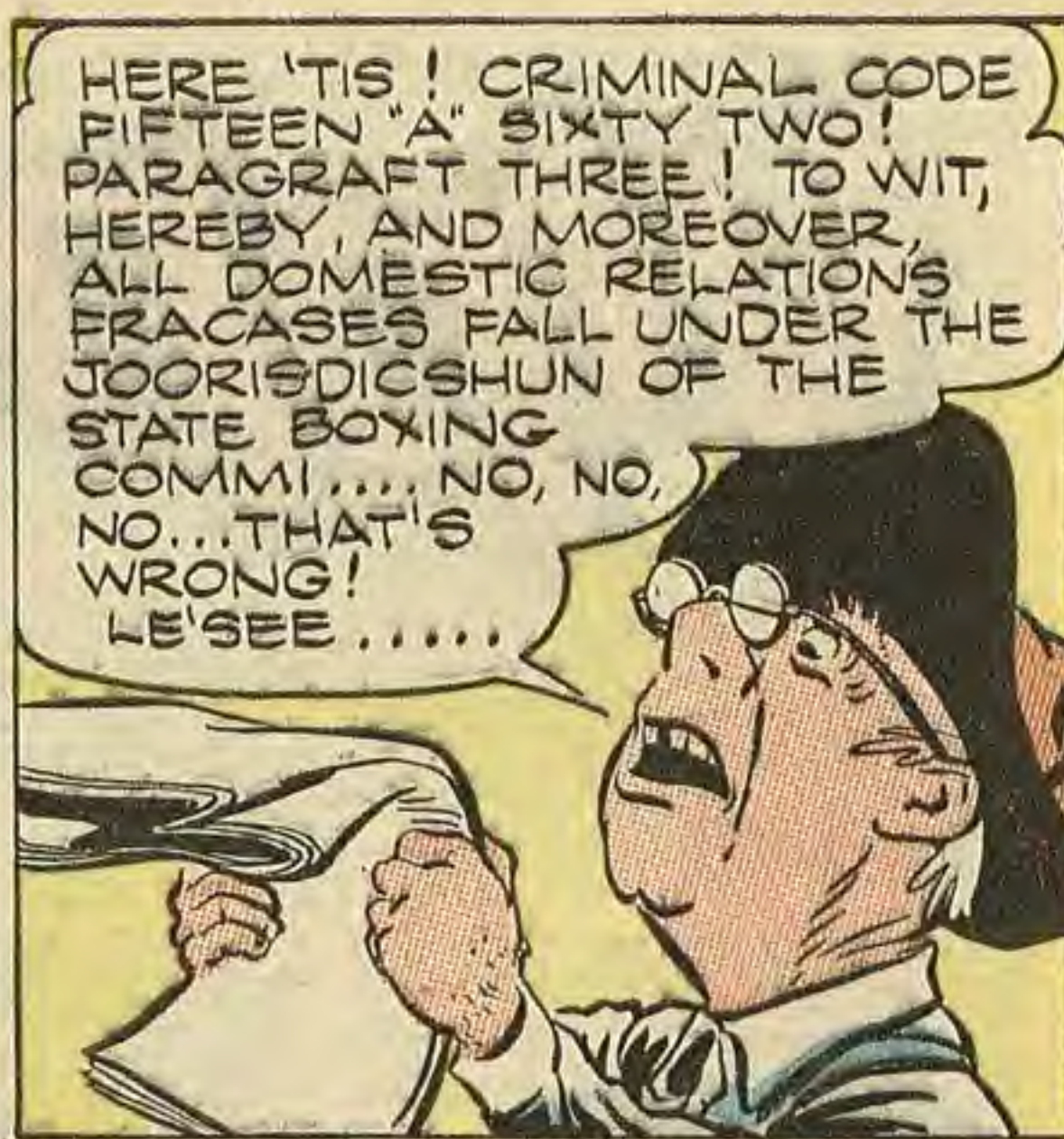


YOU'RE A HARD HEARTED OLD RASCAL, DUCKIT! THOSE PEOPLE CAME ALL THE WAY UP FROM THE STATES FOR RECREATION AND GOOD CLEAN FUN!

NOW SEE HERE, YIPPY! I'VE WORKED AWFUL HARD F'R A LONG TIME THESE TWO WEEKS MAKIN' A WARDEN OUTA M'SELF! GOTTA MAKE SOME ARRESTS, DON'T I?



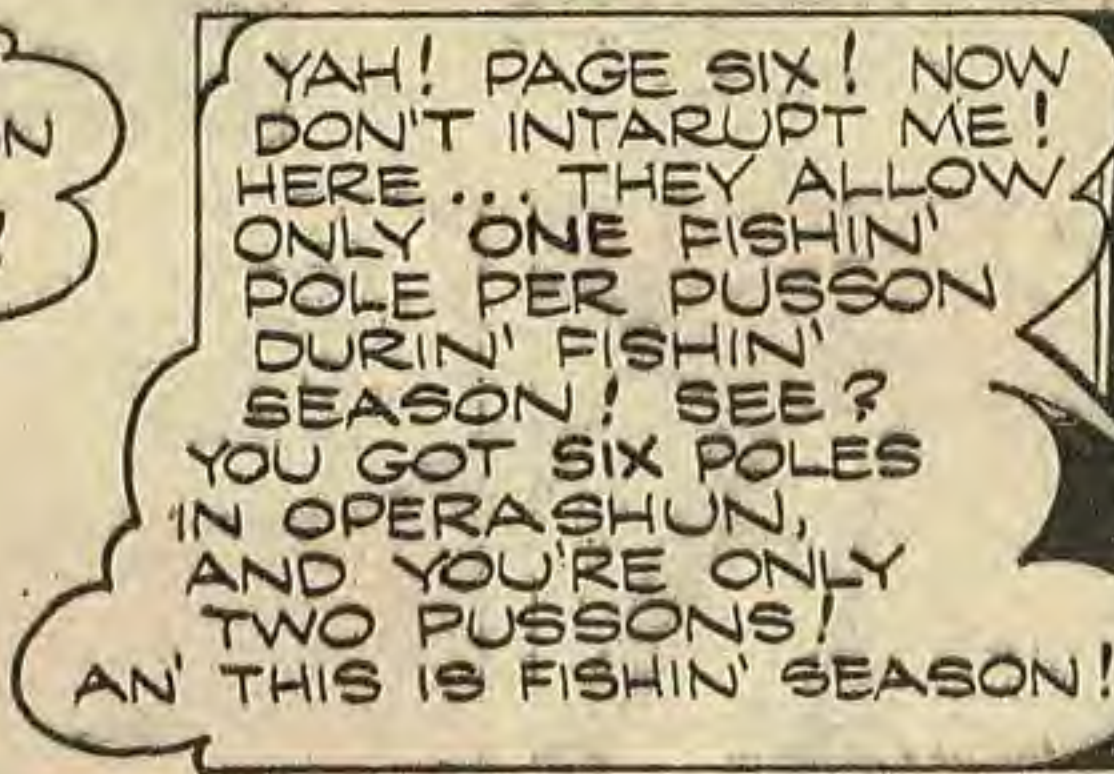
THE EVIDENCE WHICH
SITS BEFO' MY BIG
BROWN EYES IS
KIVVERED BY TH'
GAME STACHOOOTS OF
ALASKA! HURUMPH!



HERE 'TIS! CRIMINAL CODE
FIFTEEN "A" SIXTY TWO!
PARAGRAFT THREE! TO WIT,
HEREBY, AND MOREOVER,
ALL DOMESTIC RELATIONS
FRACASES FALL UNDER THE
JOORISDICSHUN OF THE
STATE BOXING
COMMI... NO, NO,
NO...THAT'S
WRONG!
LE'SEE.....



THE GAME AND
FISH LAWS ARE ON
PAGE
SIX!



YAH! PAGE SIX! NOW
DON'T INTARUPT ME!
HERE... THEY ALLOW
ONLY ONE FISHIN'
POLE PER PUSSON
DURIN' FISHIN'
SEASON! SEE?
YOU GOT SIX POLES
'N OPERASHUN,
AND YOU'RE ONLY
TWO PUSSONS!
AN' THIS IS FISHIN' SEASON!



MISTER GAME WARDEN,
WE ARE ABIDING BY
THE FISHING LAW!
LET ME SHOW YOU...



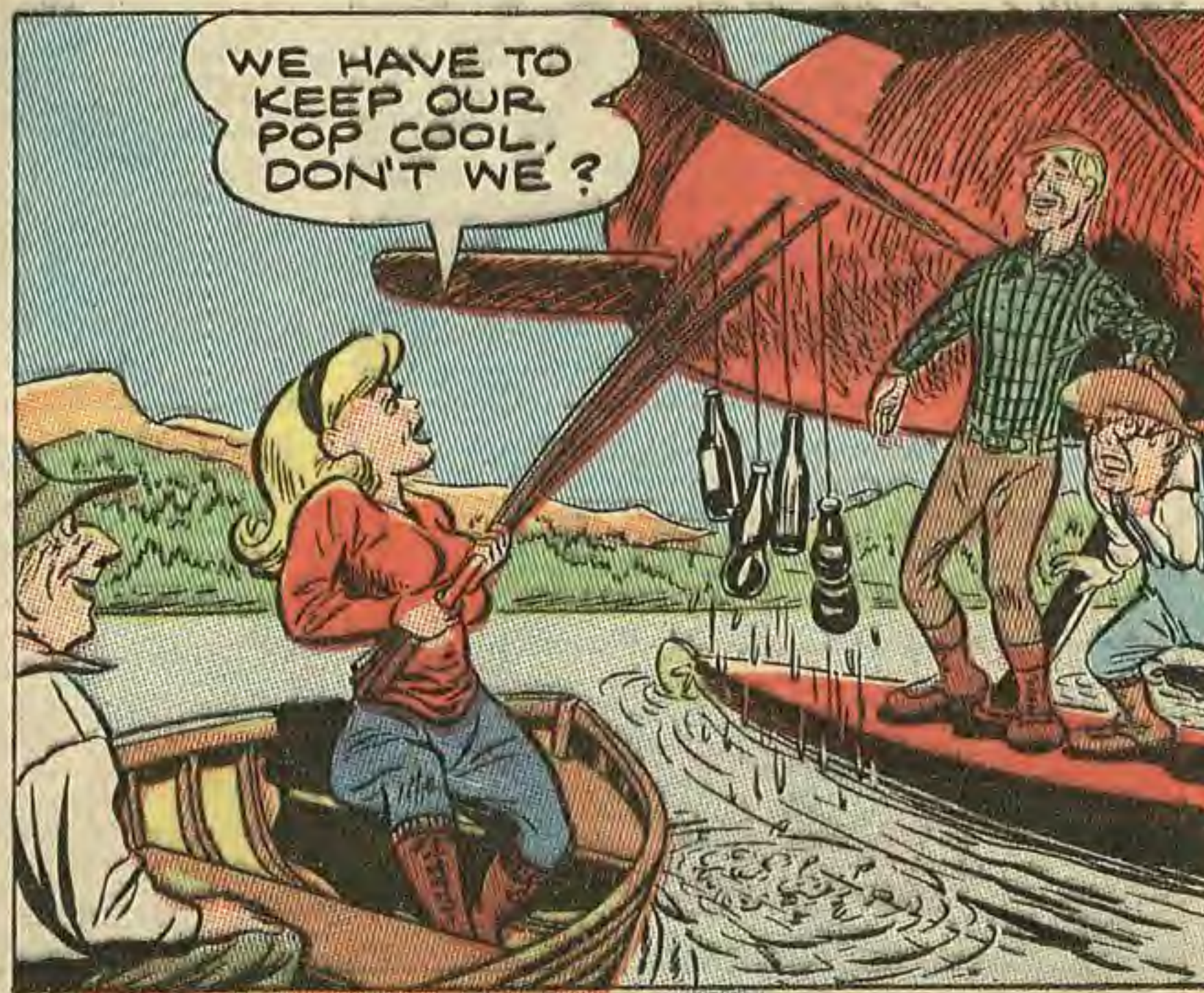
DON'T FOOL WITH TH'
FACKS! DON'T FOOL
WITH ME! YOU BOTH
ARE OVER YER
NECKS IN
FISHIN' POLES,
WHICH FACK IS
AS PLAIN AS
M' NOSE ON
YER FACE!
YOU'RE BUSTIN'
THE LAW!



THAT, MY
'DEAR
WARDEN,
IS WHERE
YOU'RE
MISTAKEN!

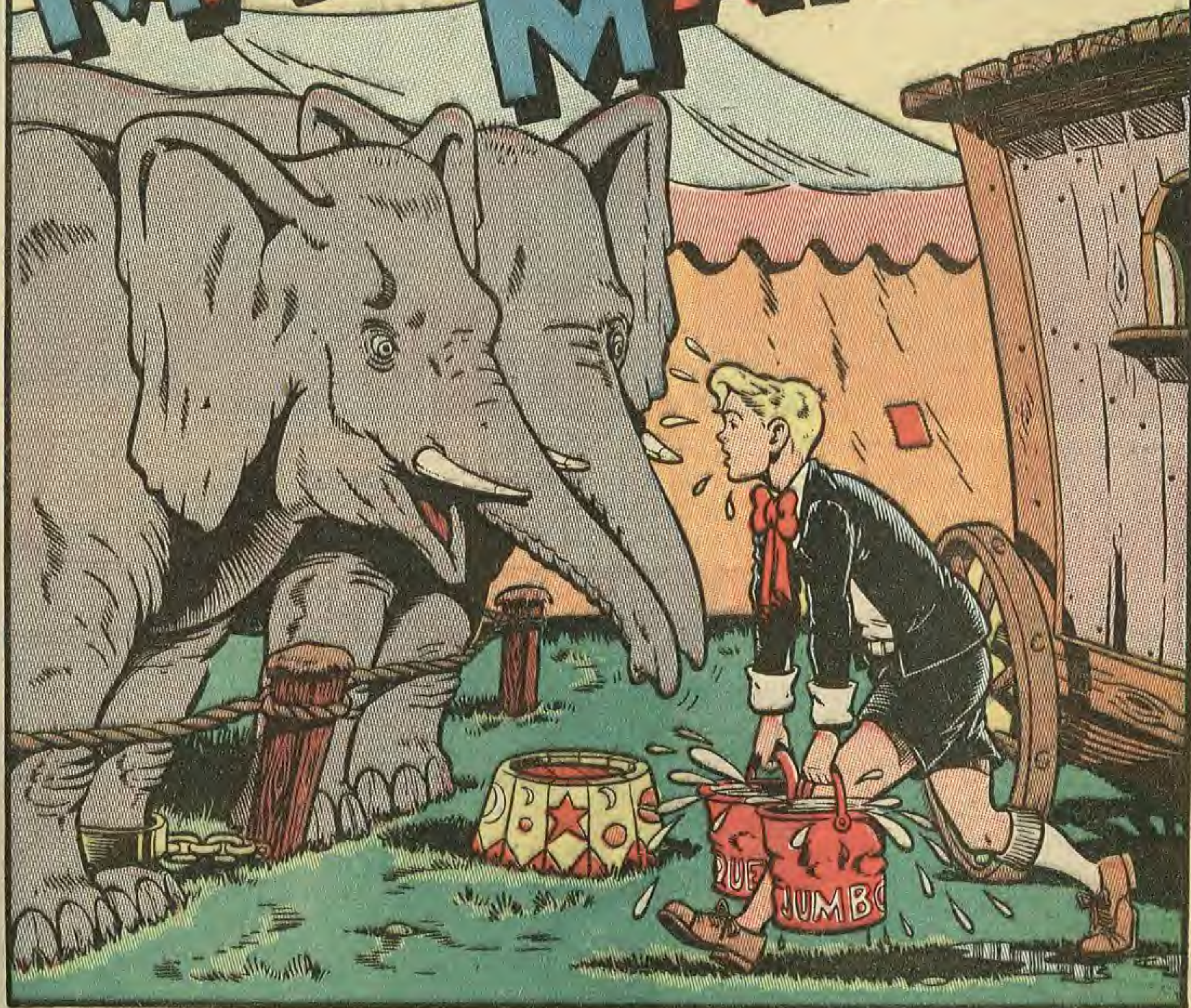


SOMETHING
TELLS ME
YOU PUT
YOUR
FOOT IN
IT AGAIN,
DUCKIT!



WE HAVE TO
KEEP OUR
POP COOL,
DON'T WE?

MASTER MARVIN



THE SAME EVENING...

AH... TWO TICKETS, PLEASE!



OH BOY, THE SIDE SHOW! RIVERS, WE MUST SEE ALL THE FREAKS! THEY'RE GREAT!

YES, MASTER MARVIN! THEY ARE QUITE AWESOME!



GEE, ISN'T THIS FUN, RIVERS! DON'T YOU THINK CIRCUS PEOPLE ARE WONDERFUL AND DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE ONE?

I HARDLY THINK SO, MASTER MARVIN!



THAT NIGHT, AT HOME...

GEE, BEING A CIRCUS PERFORMER MUST BE EXCITING! I WISH I COULD WORK FOR A CIRCUS!



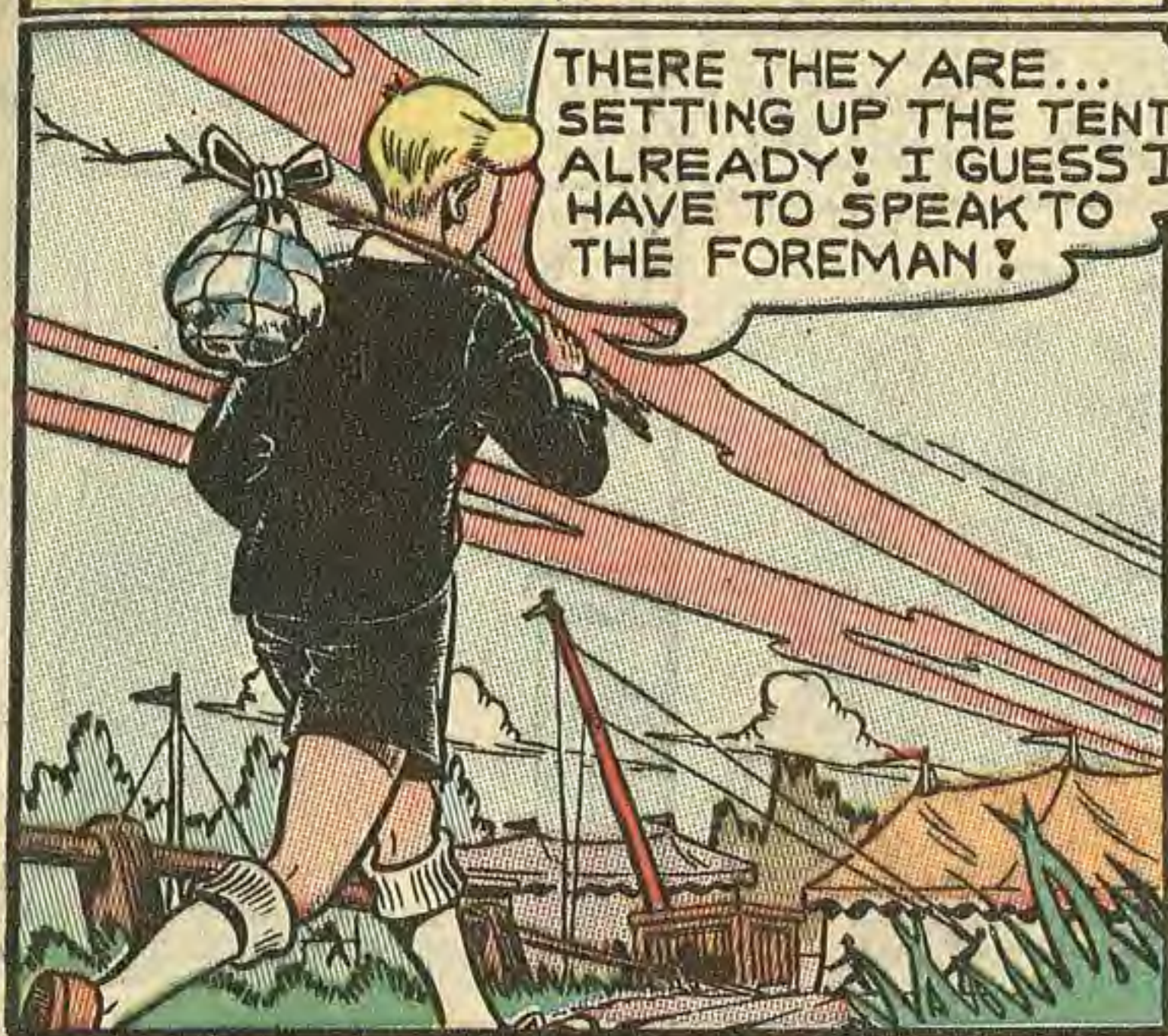
SAY, WHY NOT? I COULD CATCH THEM AT THE NEXT TOWN!



MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL BE A FAMOUS TRAPEZE ARTIST OR SOMETHING!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN A NEARBY TOWN...



THERE THEY ARE...
SETTING UP THE TENTS
ALREADY! I GUESS I
HAVE TO SPEAK TO
THE FOREMAN!

HOW DO YOU DO?
I'D LIKE A JOB!
CAN YOU USE ME?
YOU SEE, I'D LIKE
TO TRAVEL WITH
THE CIRCUS!

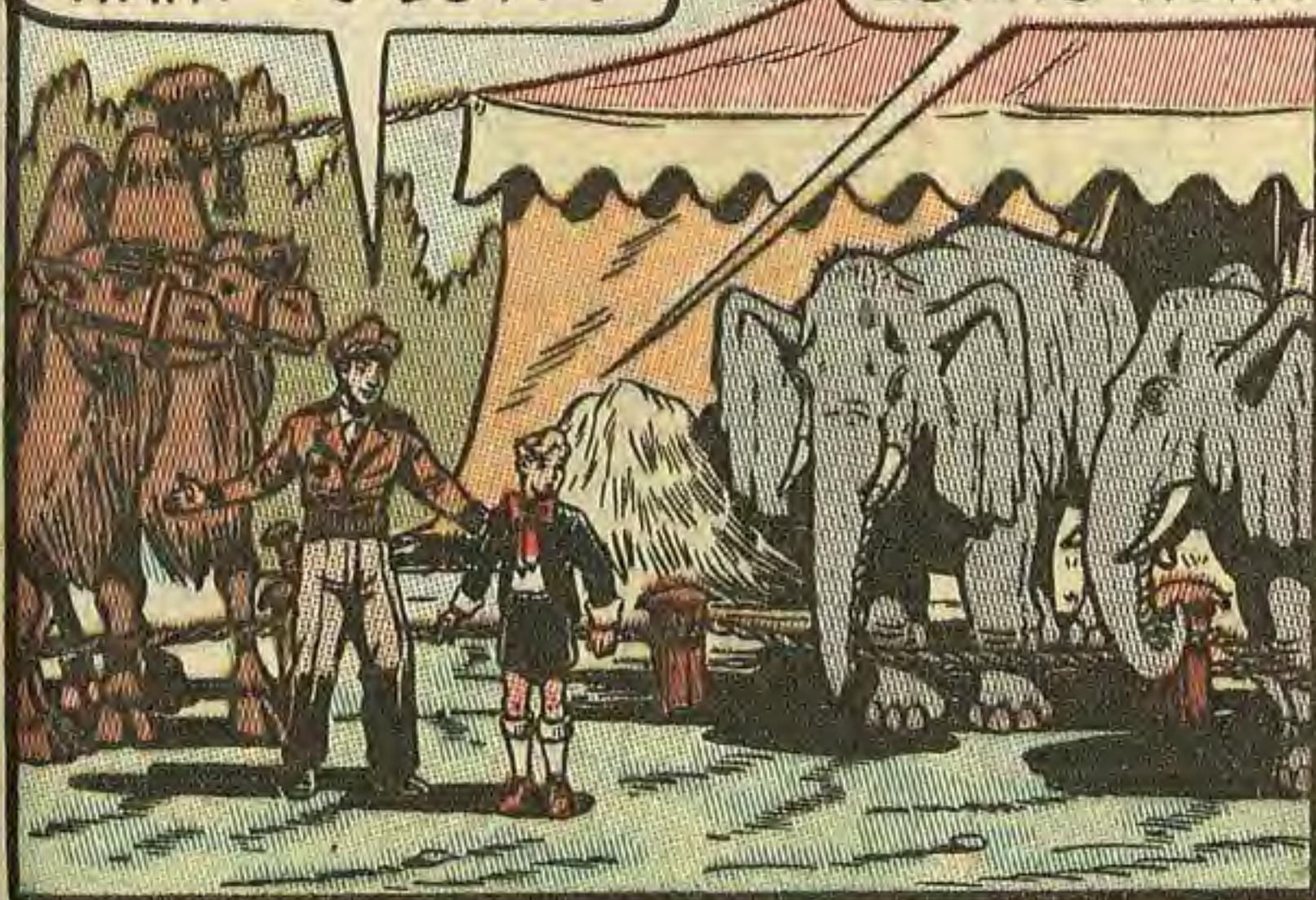
JOB, EH?
LE'SEE!
MAYBE I CAN
USE YOU!



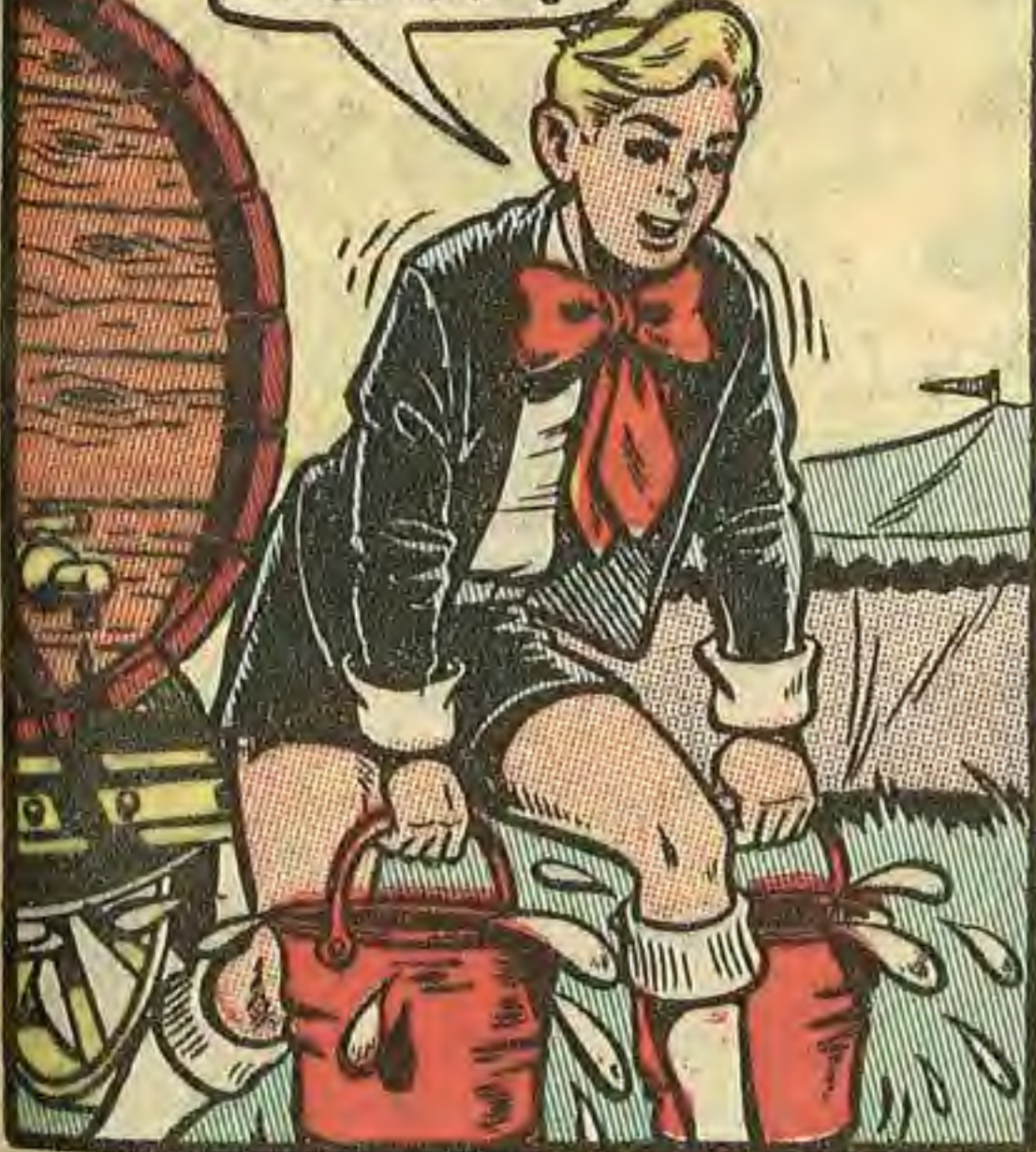
WE NEED A WATER BOY!
YOUR JOB IS TO KEEP
THE ANIMALS WATERED!
WANT TO DO IT?

GEE, SURE!
IT LOOKS
LIKE INTER-
ESTING WORK!

INTERESTIN' WORK? HA! BET
THE KID DOESN'T LAST ONE
DAY!

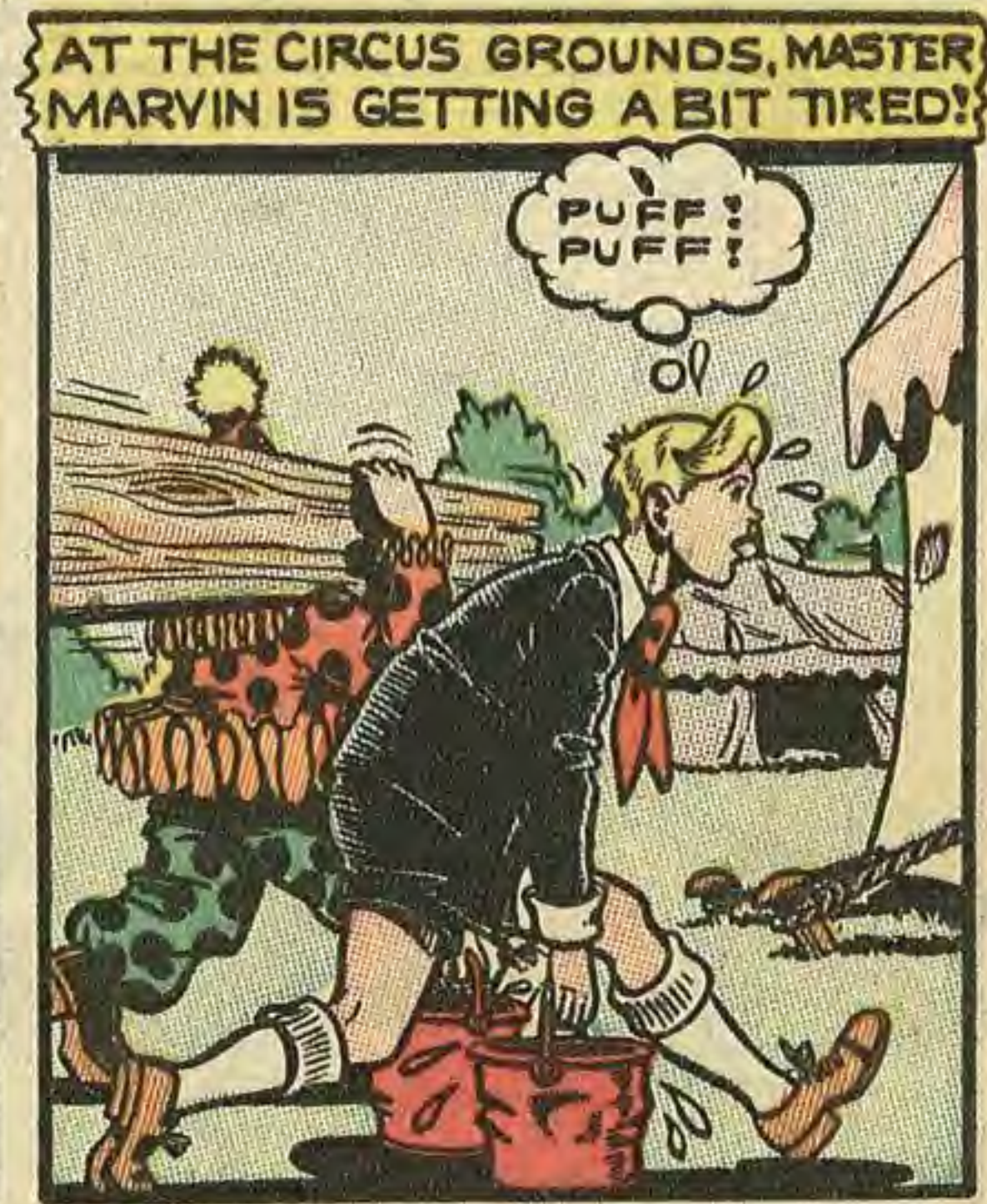
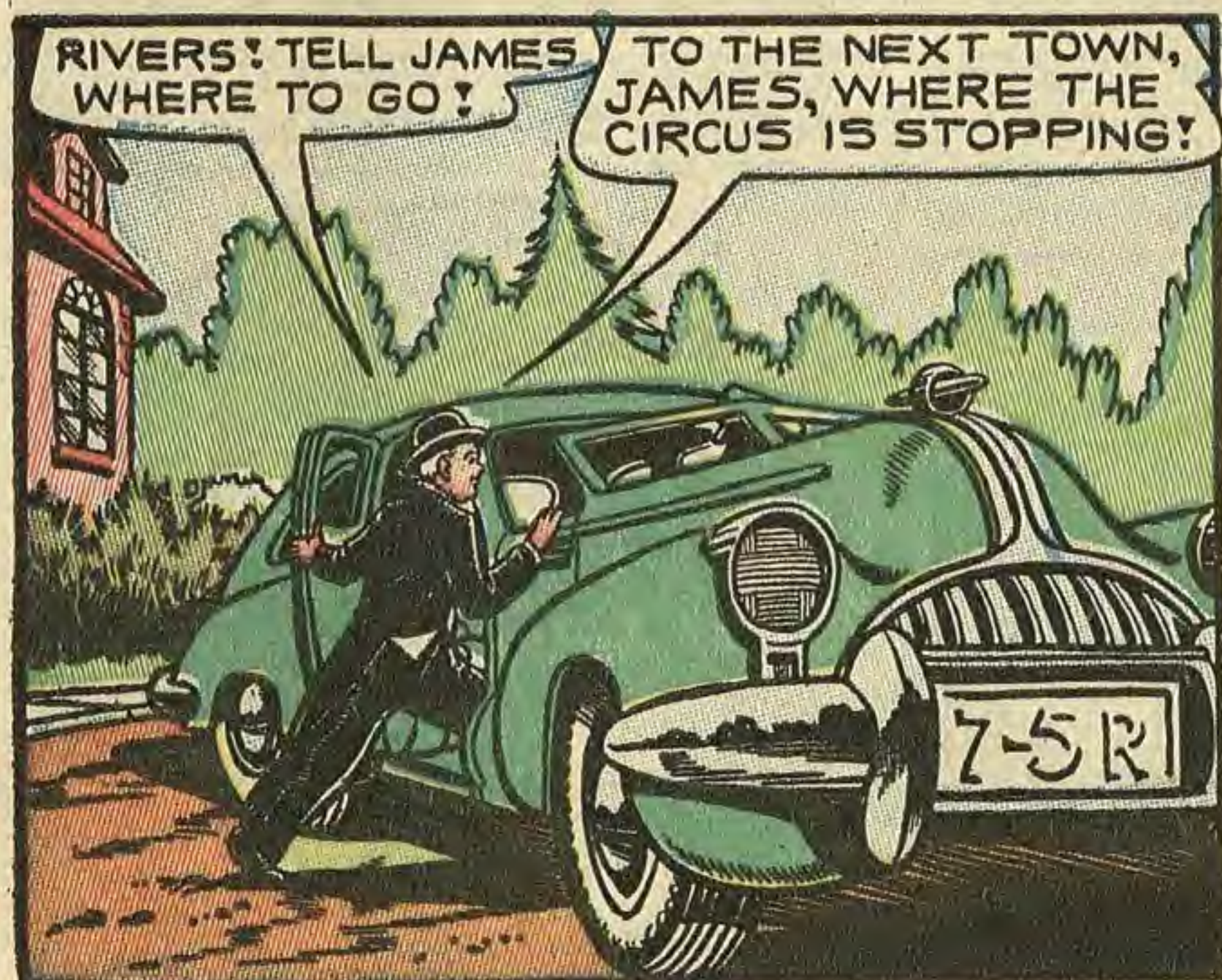
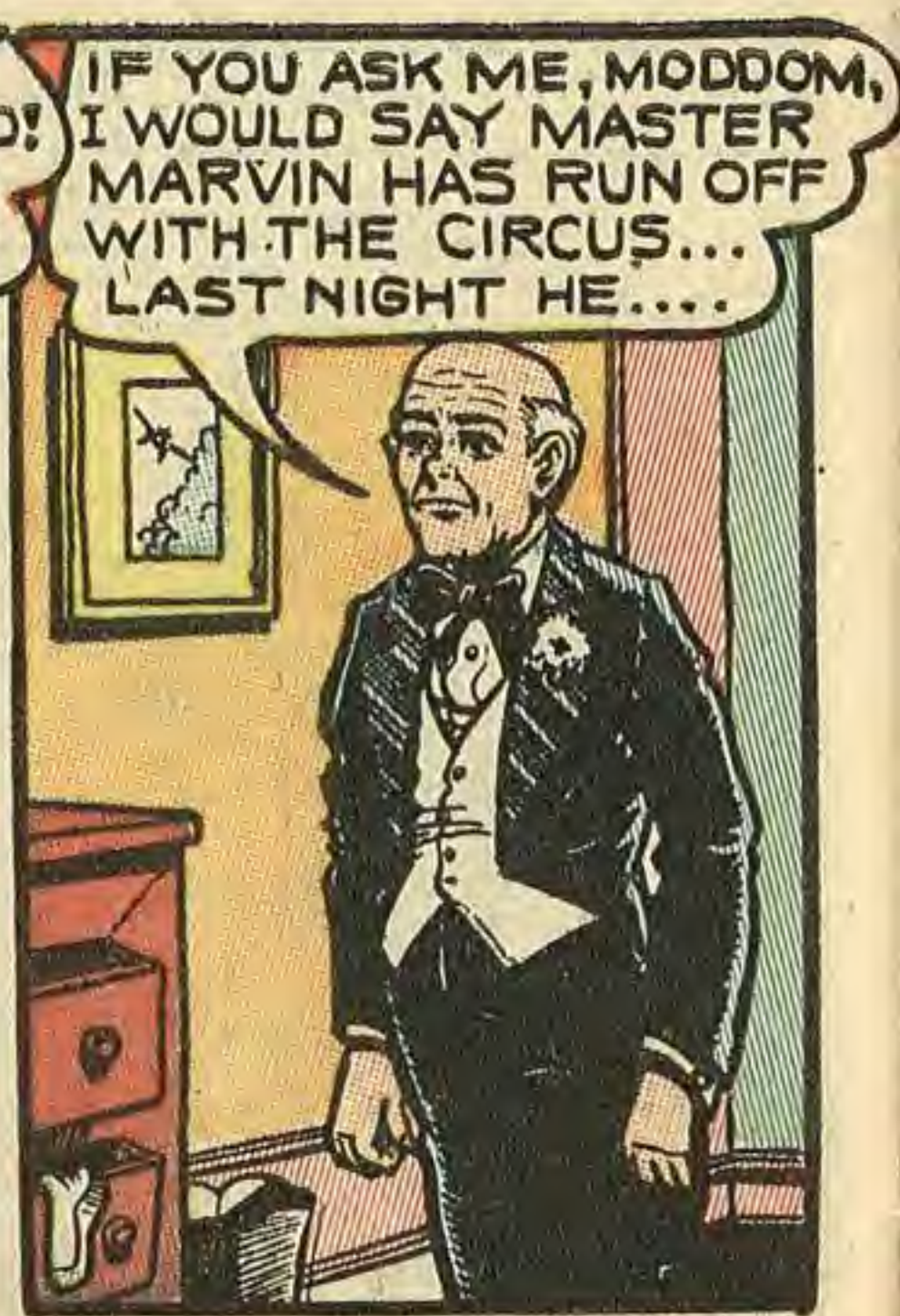


THESE PAILS FULL OF
WATER AREN'T TOO
HEAVY!



GULP!... BUT
THEY DON'T STAY
FULL LONG!







Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!
All for one low price of only \$4.98!



SEND FOR
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At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy! Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures!

Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and landmarks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life—clear and sharp—before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

Make Money While Having Fun!

This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

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Gentlemen:—Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postpaid only \$4.98 plus 10 cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13410, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13410 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13410

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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(Please print or write plainly)

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City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....

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Style 536—Mexican Girl



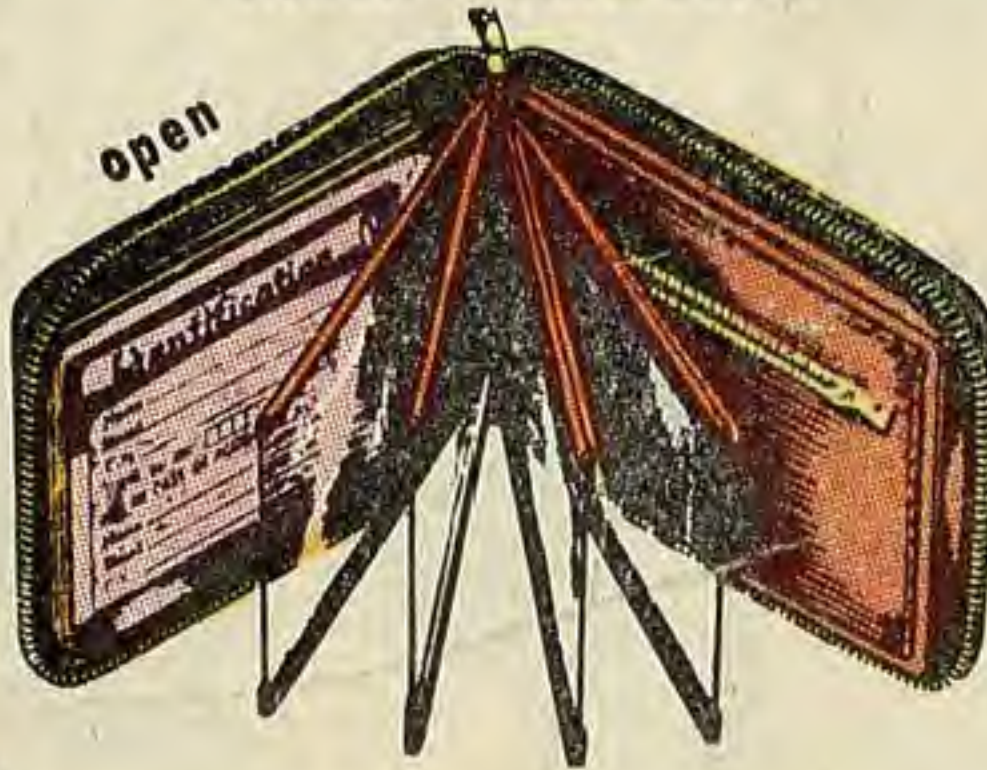
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl



Style 544—Indian Scene



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 548—Covered Wagon

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MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS: _____
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If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here: _____

MY NAME _____

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